4-29-47

new masses

THE ART OF
CHARLES CHAPLIN
by JOSEPH FOSTER

THEY'VE GOT
AT&T's NUMBER
by VIRGINIA STEVENS

GIFTS FOR
THE GREEKS
by WILLIAM GROPPER

CROSSROAD IN PALESTINE

A report from Jerusalem by R. S. GORDON

ATTACK ON THE CAMPUS

by STUART CLEVELAND

APRIL 29, 1947

IN CANADA 20¢ 15¢

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just a minute

THE big day is almost here—the day when millions march in cities all over the world to shout the freedom song. The languages are different, but the words are the same: peace, equality, the brotherhood of man. And the confidence is the same.

We cordially invite our readers in and around New York to march with us this May Day. We assemble behind our float at 3 PM, May 1, in 38th St. between Eighth and Ninth Avenues. See you there.

But whether you can join us or not, be sure to get your copy of our special May Day issue, out next week. It will contain important articles, stories, poems and art work. It would be a good one to start a subscription with, in case you haven't got around to that detail yet.

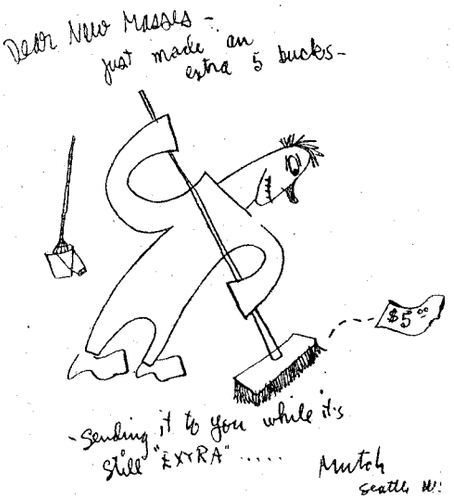
OH—and we almost forgot to remind you—keep it under your hat. About the parade, and our special issue and everything. It's a secret. There'll be some Reds involved in both of them (you know, people who don't like war, imperialism, low wages and Jim Crow), and as you know Reds are undercover foreign agents and so everything will have be on the q.t. It naturally would be embarrassing to them if Rankin or Thomas caught sight of one of the parade's ten-foot secret banners protesting US intervention in Greece and Turkey. We were reminded of this important angle when we read in the paper about some "shrewd and specially trained organizers" which the House Un-American Committee has discovered "operating in a narrow circle behind the scenes" on the American campus. These shrewd cookies are members of the American Youth for Democracy. "Behind a veil of a multitude of high-sounding slogans," says the committee, "one is conscious of a determined effort to disaffect our youth and to turn them against religion, the American home, against the college authorities and against the American government itself." These "Young Bundists" resort to "amazing guile" in their attack on the Flag, Motherhood and God.

Rankin isn't the only one who has discovered these startling facts about the AYD and their dupes. Other little rankins all over the country have been ferreting out evidences of independent thought on the part of students and what they've found frightens them. Stuart Cleveland, a Harvard student, tells about it in "Attack on the Campus" (page 18).

Incidentally, Joe North, our editor, is in the midst of a tour of the colleges. So far, he reports very successful meetings at Yale and at Smith. He will speak at the University of Wisconsin in Madison on April 25; in Syracuse April 29, and at Cornell on April 30. He'll tell you about his impressions soon in NM.

NOW, about money (wait a minute! we want to give you an idea!)—if your husband's birthday is coming up, throw a party for him and raise us some lettuce. Mrs. Sylvia Shandloff of Miami did. She celebrated her husband's fifty-third birthday by collecting $170 for us. Thanks, Mrs. S.!

Here's a letter from Mutch, one of our artists:



DON'T forget NM's emergency meeting at Webster Hall, Monday, April 28 (see back cover). It's going to be a lively affair and an important one, and admission's free.

B. M.

new masses

established 1911

VOLUME LXIII, NUMBER 5

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The driving logic of events shows there is only one solution: joint struggles of Jews and Arabs against imperialism. A report from Jerusalem.

CROSSROAD IN PALESTINE

By R. S. GORDON

Mr. Gordon's article is of special value because it puts into sharp focus the real issues that will confront the United Nations General Assembly in its meeting on Palestine. Palestine will not be free until British colonial rule and British troops are eliminated from the area. It is British imperialist policy that is responsible for the brutalities and the suppression of civil rights just as it is British policy that violates the economic and social advance of the country.

Even though the British have insisted that they are not coming to the General Assembly to give up their mandate, forcing its relinquishment to the United Nations should be on the first order of business. Nor can anyone depend on American imperialism to help settle the issue. Any imperialism is a constant source of danger to the Arab and Jewish peoples. The issue can be resolved only by the Arabs and Jews on the basis of equality and on a program which will assure in Palestine an Arab-Jewish state with a democratic constitution guaranteeing equal national rights for all inhabitants. For this purpose any investigating committee set up by the General Assembly must include Arabs and Jews democratically chosen by the two peoples involved.

Jerusalem (by mail).

THE day after the British had launched the naval blockade of the Palestine coast, while illegal immigrants on two ships were being transferred to British vessels destined for Cyprus, a Jewish businessman told me in Haifa: "We will not accept the defeat of all our hopes in Palestine. Without immigration we are lost. We stand with our backs to the wall, and we are prepared to go down fighting. The British are responsible. Without their interference we could settle the question of immigration, and every other question as well."

"Are you suggesting," I asked, "that the Jews here can undertake a struggle to get rid of the British?" My friend looked at me without comprehension. "Who said anything about getting rid of the British? Any child can see their strategic interests here. And if Britain were to leave, on whom could we rely? Russia? The United States?"

There, in a nutshell, is the Jewish dilemma in Palestine. Rightly or wrongly, the Jews here consider the British responsible for their present difficult position. After a quarter of a century of trust in the mandatory power, they feel themselves abandoned by the very people from whom they had expected succor. They denounce British regulations which restrict immigration, British warships which track down illegal refugee ships, British curfews on Jewish cities. They denounce large-scale military actions against Jewish settlements. They denounce British statesmen, who, they declare, are sounding the death-knell of the Balfour Declaration.

But dismayed and disillusioned as they are, they can see no salvation except through reliance on the same British statesmen, colored now with the hope that if they do not listen to reason, they will listen to more forceful arguments. This dilemma has created a sort of mass split personality which is mirrored in every aspect of life and politics in Jewish Palestine. It reveals itself in paradox and anomaly.

It was Ben Gurion, for example, who before the war vigorously asserted that whoever opposed Britain thereby ranged himself against the Yishuv (Palestine Jewish community). And in a recent message from abroad to the Palestine Labor Party (Mapai) he opposed taking Palestine out of the hands of Britain and transferring it to the United Nations.

Moshe Shertok, Jewish Agency leader, one of the key political figures in Jewish affairs here, has always stood for reliance on Britain. He told the Anglo-American Inquiry Committee that Jewish-Arab cooperation and agreement had been a distinct possibility, and the subject of negotiations between leaders of both communities. The Jewish leaders had turned it down, he declared, because the Arabs had made a joint struggle against the British one of the conditions of agreement.

The same Shertok, who refused to act against the British, was imprisoned

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at Latrun by his erstwhile friends, without trial or legal charge.

The same strange contradiction finds expression in the daily routine of Palestine's 500,000 Jews, where the dominant feeling is one of sharp hostility toward British acts and British leaders. But the official policy of the Jews toward the same British leaders remains one of finding new accommodations. Public opinion oscillates between hope and despair, now expecting British concessions, now driven to frustration and black anger. A similar process is seen in the attitude to the United States. On the two occasions that President Truman spoke of admission of the 100,000 refugees, hopes soared that there would be American intervention. When the American administration preferred to base its action on what were here considered more material things than its humanitarian declarations, the dream faded and the Yishuv returned to grim reality.

The dilemma cuts deep even into the so-called "Jewish resistance movement." Zionist leader Dr. Moshe Sneh, accused of being the author of telegrams indicating alleged contacts with the terrorists and proponent of the theory that a more belligerent policy could force concessions from the British, declared that even "extreme manifestations" of this belligerent policy "do not have an anti-British character."

This is how the dilemma appears to the observer from abroad. After the successive crises, the Jews in Palestine feel "bottled up"—betrayed by those hitherto accepted as friends and allies. Yet they have not heard from their leaders—or worked out for themselves—any alternative to reliance on what they have always considered mutual British-Jewish interests in Palestine.

In the ensuing frustration, not even dimly appreciated abroad, several processes are at work. One finds expression in the increased activities of the terrorists, who clearly influence some youths whose lives are filled with despair and are pumped full of obsessions about "direct action." Another finds expression in an unceasing search for a way out of the unbearable impasse. Some predict that events will force the conviction upon the Jews that the alternative they face is to accept whatever the British offer, or seek new methods of attaining what the British refuse to concede. The first course means resignation to the continued whittling down of what the Yishuv has already attained. To that the Jews here will not reconcile themselves. The second course, in present circumstances, must lead to separation from the British, heading through various possible stages to outright collision with the British.

THE possibility of such a collision brings one to the second part of the Jewish dilemma: the Arabs.

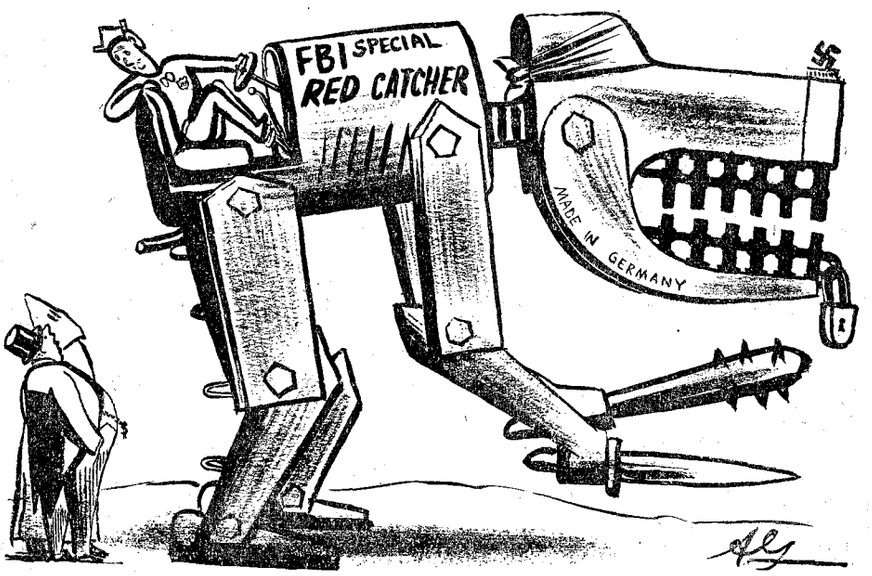
"One of our difficulties at this moment," a veteran Zionist told the writer, "is the fact that we do not as yet have an over-all policy on the Arabs."

Except for two groups on the Left and Dr. Judah Magnes' Ichud, the Arabs have not figured in official Jewish policy. There is, of course, no doubt as to the Jewish desire to live at peace with the Arabs, and the sharing of that desire by the majority of the Arabs. But feelings of friendship do not constitute a policy, and an increasing body of Jews is now placing emphasis on Jewish-Arab relations. With the whole structure of Jewish-British relations crashing about their heads, more Jews are now prone to stress Jewish-Arab relations in their efforts to achieve a solution.

No one here, of course, pays any attention to tales spread abroad about the supposed "irreconcilability" of the two peoples. But no one would deny that Jewish-Arab agreement presents very formidable political difficulties. It is enough to consider the sharp differences on the question of immigration and on the future state form of Palestine. On the question of immigration, on which Jews and Arabs are completely divided, there are those who maintain that the problem has to be reversed in order to be seen in proper perspective. Rather than consider immigration a stumbling-block to agreement, they contend that Jewish-Arab agreement is the only basis for solution of the immigration issue.

Their theory is that once the basic political issues are straightened out in the framework of a Jewish-Arab working arrangement, then, and only then, will the solid Arab opposition to admission of Jewish refugees have no basis and the mass of the Arabs find it possible to conclude that immigration need not represent a threat to themselves; only then will the British have no grounds for the present entrance restrictions.

Those people, inside and outside the country, who see the urgency of the refugee problem cannot set aside a very simple fact which is readily apparent here. Inside Palestine it is clear that there can be no large-scale influx of refugees in the existing circumstances except under the protection of British bayonets and in the face of unanimous Arab opposition. But the hard reality is that British bayonets are keeping the refugees out. Only one who has been aboard the illegal refugee ships; has talked to the human derelicts from Europe's concentration camps; has heard their cries of pity from the barbed-wire cages on Cyprus-bound



"Oh no—he eats anything that thinks."

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Liberty ships; has witnessed the anguish of helpless Palestinians as the human cargoes are borne away—only one who has seen and shared the shame which all the world must yet share can truly appreciate the tragedy of the homeless and unwanted refugees.

Events themselves impel the Jews of Palestine to conclude, though slowly and haltingly, that a fundamental transformation of the situation can come only from agreement between the two peoples who live here.

But agreement cannot be reached without certain revisions in the official attitudes on both sides. Everyone here knows that no agreement is possible if the Arabs insist on a purely Arab Palestine or the Jews insist on a purely Jewish Palestine. To many Jews abroad, who still talk glibly about "constituting Palestine as a Jewish Commonwealth," that may sound like an astounding suggestion. It is not so in Palestine. Here the slogan of Palestine as a Jewish state or commonwealth or dominion is deader than a door-nail.

But even the proposal for partition does not solve the Jewish dilemma. Even here the Jews find themselves between two stools: the British and the 1,200,000 Arabs in the country.

The Arabs are in their overwhelming majority united against partition. All of them declare that it can only be imposed by force of arms, something with which many informed Jews agree. It will, according to all portents as plain as the nose on one's face, call forth massive Arab resistance and even, it is predicted, revolt, which will parallel the bloody incidents of ten years ago and perhaps on a larger scale. For the Jews, many of whom would welcome it in an effort to salvage at least a part of their work and their hopes, it would thus bring not a real solution, but new and greater conflicts and turmoil. And if there are Jews who might still be ready to face the consequences, they cannot fail to note that in the recent events British power, in their eyes, has been brought to bear against the Jews and not against the Arabs.

As with partition, so with every controversial issue in the country: neither the Jewish nor the Arab community can seek the realization of its aspirations in any direction without coming up against the hard fact that it must reckon with the other. In this situation a new formula is taking vague shape in the minds of some people, though it is as yet resisted in varying degrees on both sides. It is: the creation of an independent, democratic Jewish-Arab state in Palestine in which both peoples would be guaranteed full national rights. Supporters of such a formula contend that only an independent Jewish-Arab state can untie the Gordian knot of Jewish-Arab relations and guarantee to the Jews, at long last, realization of the dream of a genuine Jewish National Home.

The concept of a Jewish-Arab state is in itself nothing new. It has for some time been championed by a fairly important group within the Zionist movement here. What is new, though still put forward somewhat feebly, is the practical suggestion that Jews and Arabs join now in working for such a state on the basis of disentanglement from oil and power politics and foreign domination of every kind.

Should such a development actually materialize — and it is certainly not around the corner — then the dilemma of the Jews, as of the Arabs, will be shifted to the British. It will be the British who will be faced with a new situation fraught with a whole series of strategic, military and political problems.

Nobody has any doubt that a Jewish-Arab movement for the independence of Palestine would have excellent chances of succeeding. And its success, as also its very existence, would have repercussions far beyond the borders of Palestine. It would cut the ground from under those who seek to keep the Arabs in neighboring countries preoccupied with the supposed threats of Jewish aggression, to the exclusion of their own domestic issues. It could very easily help stimulate the national liberation movements in the Middle East, and bring to Palestine Jewry in turn substantial support from these same movements. This would represent a novel reversal of the present situation.

The Jews of Palestine thus stand at the crossroads. Weighed down by difficulties and disappointments never anticipated in the first flush of their endeavors, they sense that they face great decisions. They know that no matter which way they turn, the road will be long and hard, as those who have come in search of the Promised Land, and not found it, have learned from bitter experience. It is clear that the course they take in solving their own dilemma will also vitally affect the whole trend of history in the Middle East.

portside patter

By BILL RICHARDS

Rankin was chosen to read Jefferson's first inaugural address to the House. It was expected that after reading the speech he'd want the author investigated for un-American activities.

Roger Babson, the financial prophet, has moved to Kansas for protection against atomic bombs. The next crash he hears won't be caused by bombs.

●

President Truman has asked businessmen to cut prices. Next thing you know he'll ask them to cut off their right arms and send them to Congress.

●

Lindbergh favors the use of force to back US aims. He's still thinking in terms of making America First instead of making peace last.

Friends of Senator Taft predict that he is going to change after going through some sincere "soul searching." He shouldn't have to search far—the soul is usually right in front of the heel.

●

Another of Truman's failings is that he sticks by his advisors despite their shortcomings. Krug, for instance, is being referred to as Secretary of the Inferior.

●

Some Congressmen are clamoring for the enforced return of Wallace and Stassen. It seems the two aren't showing enough innocence abroad.

●

Gael Sullivan accused the Republicans of "stumbling backwards." The best thing that can be said for the tory Democrats is that they try to be graceful about it.

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DON'T TREAD ON ME!

An Editorial by LLOYD L. BROWN

"THE trouble with you Communists is that you holler too much, make everything worse than it is—always exaggerating dangers and talking about fascism." Now I'm a Communist and I've been told that lots of times. You've heard something like that, too. Maybe you've said something like that yourself. And sometimes there's been merit in that friendly beef. I know that there have been times when I've blown my top about things which only called for a minor cluck or two.

At any rate there were those who pooh-poohed when we cried out about the menace of the monopoly-controlled 80th Congress: that the big money men were out to destroy organized labor; that the Red-baiting drive was directed against democracy itself; that the "Get Tough With Russia" policy had a hidden clause, "Get Tough With the American People."

But what is happening now down in Washington must convince the most dubious of danger, must cause even the most complacent to become alarmed. Because, brothers and sisters, *this is it.* They've gone whole hog—and hog wild. Never in the history of our country has there been anything like the anti-labor bills now being rammed through Congress by the GOP majority and its reactionary Democratic satellites. Literally written by corporation agents, the Hartley bill in the House and the Taft bill in the Senate virtually decree the death sentence of free trade unions in America.

"Maybe we ought to put in a clause to abolish the first day of May."

Senator Robert Wagner was speaking the simple truth when he declared that these measures "would turn the clock back to conditions that existed 100 years ago when labor had to fight for its right to organize" and that they are intended "to break the back of labor." And Philip Murray was stating a plain fact when he said these bills are "the first real step to the development of fascism in this country."

The seventy-page Hartley bill is the answer to every prayer—payable on demand—of the NAM and the Chamber of Commerce. Its provisions are almost incredible; their implications even more staggering. It is as if the ruling class, gorged to the gills on profits, has gone completely loco—smashing and trampling upon every restraint. The closed shop is abolished. The union shop, under which employes are required to join the union after a specified time of employment, is only permitted if the employer desires it. There can be no strikes for union recognition. Industry-wide bargaining is outlawed; negotiations are only permitted on a company and plant basis. No leadership or coordination can be given to these atomized locals by the unions's national officials—that would be interference and restraint of trade, a "monopoly practice."

Labor solidarity is to be further nullified by the ban on sympathy strikes. The Norris-LaGuardia Act is wiped off the books; anti-strike injunctions are to be a dime a dozen. The National Labor Relations Board is abolished—and the whole meaning of the Wagner Act. Employers can sue the unions for "damages." Compulsory "cooling-off," no mass picketing, no union health and welfare funds . . . and lots more.

And then there's the red cherry to top off this cyanide sundae: no union can be certified for bargaining rights if one or more of its officers is a Communist or one "who can reasonably be regarded as a Communist"; all Communists and Communist-"supporters" are to be expelled from all unions. This provision alone could easily doom to extinction every union in the country. Whom reaction would destroy it need but call "Red."

Some idea of the enormity of this attack upon the American people can be got when you consider that there are 50,000 union-employer contracts affecting 15,000,000 union members and their families, and that seventy-three percent of these agreements provide for the closed shop or the union shop.

Now ask yourself this question: is there any democratic country in the world with such a law? No, even in the former Axis nations, Germany, Italy and Japan, the workers

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now have more rights than this bill would allow labor in America. Only in such fascist countries as Spain are the workers so fettered.

Then ask yourself—and seriously: can there be democracy for anyone in a country where the free trade unions are destroyed? Unless you defy all experience, all history, you can find only one answer: *no—not for long.*

And in that answer is the reason why millions of Americans who are not directly affected by these anti-labor bills have the most personal and immediate motive to become alarmed, to rise up and shatter this fascist pattern for our country. When workers' rights are denied the people's civil liberties cannot be secure. Without the restraining power of organized labor, the men of the trusts will ruthlessly trample upon everybody—scientists, doctors, teachers, farmers, small businessmen, students. Let those of the middle classes who may still doubt the boundless rapacity of the overlords of industry and finance consider this fact: this drive against the workingman, this saturnalia of reaction, comes at a time of unparalleled corporation profits. The first quarter of 1947 indicates that this year's profit rate will be $17,000,000,000, over *four times* the level of 1936-39!

What more do they want? More. Every additional nickel and dime they can squeeze—and blackjack. The workers' living standards are to be driven down—down to the barest minimum. But is the small businessman's dollar less desirable to monopoly's appetite? And can a middle-class standard of living remain when its economic foundation, the earnings of the working people, is blasted from under it?

ONE thing is clear: labor is not going to take this deal. When New Jersey's striking telephone workers boldly defied the state's no-strike law they set the pattern for the workers' resistance on a nationwide scale. Belatedly, true, but all sections of the trade union movement are swinging into action to stop this terrible threat. Calls for a coast-to-coast stoppage are being made. Unity between AFL, CIO and independent unions is mushrooming in every industrial center. The good old American slogan *Don't Tread on Me!* is given new life in labor's angry counterattack. The unions today are not the feeble handful that was kicked around in the open-shop days of Harding, Coolidge, Hoover.

But labor, giant though it is, needs allies in its life and death struggle for all of us. It needs support—and now—from the millions of Americans to whom democracy is dear, whose flag is not a dollar bill. Let your Congressman and Senator hear from you. Let Truman hear your demand to veto the bills. Get out of your office, shop, school, laboratory, home and join the workers' demonstrations. Come out on May Day—labor's holiday.

It is time for the millions who marched with Roosevelt to march again—to fight again.

In Your Hands

Last Wednesday our printer told us he had to have $1,000—only a small part of what we owe him—by the end of the week or the issue would not go to press. Other bills totalling about $600 had to be paid immediately. But all we received in our fund drive was $671. We'll spare you the details of the frantic telephone calls and personal visits in the effort to raise even so relatively small a sum. We finally found a friendly businessman who gave us a loan—but only for ten days.

This week the printer wants more, and next week and the next. He is by no means an ogre. In fact, we doubt whether another printer in town would give us as much credit as he has. But he has his own bills to pay. And the paper man is on our necks, and other creditors.

We now have a financial deadline to meet: $5,000 by Thursday, May 8, or we don't go to press with the following week's issue. The verdict is in your hands.

THE EDITORS.

(Fill out coupon on page 25)

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THEY'VE GOT MA BELL'S NUMBER

Spotlighted in the national strike has been the union of 12,000 women telephone operators in New Jersey. Meet their president, Mary Hanscom.

By VIRGINIA STEVENS

"MA BELL," as the telephone workers satirically dub the giant monopoly, has never been nice to her daughters. "In the old days of company unionism," Mary Hanscom, president of the Telephone Traffic Federation of New Jersey, told me, "they used to rate a chief operator's capability by the number of girls she could make cry during the course of the day."

As this was written, Ma Bell's daughters were out on their first strike.

It was Friday in New York, the end of the first week of the walkout. A mass picketline walked slowly back and forth, hour after hour, in front of the huge AT&T building at 35 Avenue of the Americas. A little Irish girl, captain of the line, was full of fight. "Keep your line there," she yelled. "Hold that sign higher." The sign read, "AFTER GOD MADE SNAKES, HE MADE SCABS." Several men came out of the building. The line booed. "They got about a thousand scabs in there," she said. "They're paying them $25 a day. But they need eight thousand. They won't get them while we can walk!"

A young Negro man and woman walked by. I joined them. "I'll stay out as long as the union," the girl said, her eyes bright. The man said soberly, "I have to take care of my mother. She's bed-ridden. I'm near crazy trying to manage on $32 a week."

Strike headquarters for the American Union of Telephone Workers, Local One, bargaining unit for all workers at New York AT&T, was down the block in a Catholic church. Behind long tables district stewards handed out picket duty. There was coffee and doughnuts and a radio blasted forth the news. I talked to three girls who were sitting together resting from their two-hour picket duty. "I live with my husband, thank God," the Negro girl said. "No one can make out these days on $28 living alone."

"That's right," the Italian girl nodded. "I live at home. I'm lucky."

"You said it," the little girl from Chicago spoke up. She was living alone, in a furnished room. "It's going to feel funny getting my last paycheck today."

"It'll feel all right when you get that raise," the Negro girl smiled.

Directly connected with the principle of national bargaining for which the thirty-nine independent unions, loosely joined in the National Federation of Telephone Workers, are fighting, is the unions' demand to close the tremendous differential between wages in various parts of the country by adopting unified wage schedules. Minimum wages now range from a basic $28 in New York City to as low as $12 in some Southern towns.

"During the war I went down to Texas with my husband who was stationed there," a New York district steward from the American Union of Telephone Workers told me. "I had worked for AT&T in New York for twelve years and was getting the top wage of $48. In Texas I went to work for the company again. I didn't want to lose my seniority rights. Down there it's called the Southwestern Bell. I got a top salary of $27 a week. I had to pay $62 a month rent and we had some time managing. The Army men used to kid me about the poverty-stricken organization I worked for."

(Last year the board of directors of AT&T gave themselves salaries of over a million dollars. Some five million dollars went to 178 officials of the giant network. Salary of President Walter Gifford was $209,650. To meet their rising cost of living many directors and officers took raises of $25,000 while refusing to give a $12 increase to their employes.)

Norma Naughton, grey-haired, keen-eyed president of the American Union of Telephone Operators, emphasized the importance of seniority rights in the current demands of the unions. "We've never had seniority rights in our contract," she told me. "Now they openly tell us that with the coming installation of technological improvements at least thirty per-cent of the traffic operators will be threatened with loss of jobs. They don't want to be held to seniority rights when this happens. And there's another angle to it. If we didn't have the benefits and protection of seniority, the company could say who and when in our election of union officers."

Mrs. Naughton has been with Bell for over thirty years. She can remember a time when they paid four dollars a week. "From 1919 to 1936," she said, "we had a company union. We had no contract. Each person was paid differently. AT&T drew up a constitution for our Employe Representation Plan and our representatives were hand-picked by them. It wasn't until the Wagner Act that we began to break away. Even in 1939 the top wage was still $29 after fifteen years of service. Before our present union was organized all you had was a modicum of security, providing you kept your mouth shut. You had even your thoughts charted for you out of the company books."

But in 1939 the old structure of the company union was revised. A year ago Mrs. Naughton became president of Local One of the American Union of Telephone Workers, new industrial union of all AT&T workers which includes long-line operators, overseas operators, maintenance men, clerical, commercial and construction people.

"I've always been a rebel against any kind of dictatorial supervision," Mrs. Naughton said. "My family were all union people: electricians, carpenters, bricklayers . . ."

SPOTLIGHTED in the national strike has been the union of 12,000 women telephone operators in New Jersey—the Telephone Traffic Federation. In the center of this labor drama are President Mary Hanscom, Vice-President Virginia Wigglesworth and Secretary Elizabeth Ryan Siciliano. On Monday, April 7, when some forty thousand workers went out, Governor Driscoll, under a law passed a

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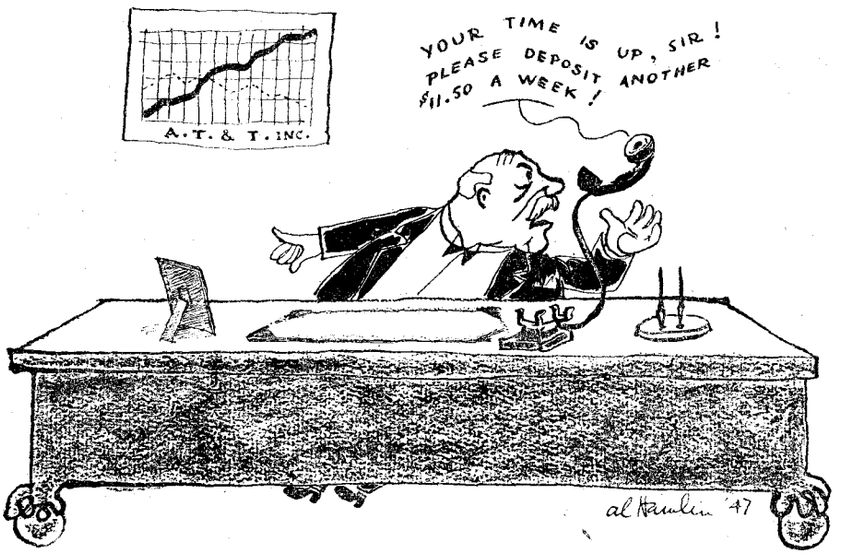
year ago forbidding strikes in public utilities, seized New Jersey Bell and ordered the strikers back to work. The telephone operators said they would go back if the state would arbitrate all issues. This the governor refused to do and the strikers remained out.

Tuesday night Governor Driscoll convened the legislature and drastically amended the law to penalize all strikers. The amendment provided a fine of from $250 to $500 or thirty days in jail for every day the strikers stayed out; ten thousand dollars a day for recalcitrant unions. As a sop to public opinion, there was a clause providing a five-man arbitration board whose decision would be binding on both company and unions and a ten thousand dollar fine for the company too, should they refuse to arbitrate.



But who was the company and who the state? New Jersey workers asked. The man who drafted the bill for the governor was Russell Watson, not only the governor's counsel but a director of New Jersey Bell. Chairman of the New Jersey Mediation Board is Walter T. Margetts, law associate of Walter Gordon Merritt, lawyer for AT&T. State Labor Commissioner Harry Harper is administrator of the state-seized telephone chain. "Has New Jersey taken over the New Jersey Bell Telephone Company or has New Jersey Bell taken over New Jersey?" Henry Mayer, counsel for the Telephone Traffic Federation, wanted to known as he advised the girls to ignore the amendment, a decision approved by the forty-nine-man policy board of the National Federation of Telephone Workers in Washington.

If the girls went back, NFTW said, the company might then refuse to arbitrate on the grounds that the amendment was unconstitutional—which it certainly was. "If we don't test this law in the courts, the company will." Meanwhile the unions could be broken.

As support came from all over the country, Mary Hanscom told the girls to stay out. Conservative AFL President William Green in a message to Governor Driscoll called the measure "totalitarian." The policy board of the NFTW labeled it "fascist, unconstitutional and evilly-inspired." The New Jersey CIO and AFL, calling a meeting to plan a one-day strike of protest (which fizzled when the latter took a powder), put the issue clearly: "The question in our minds is whether some company like Bell can dictate to the legislature to force us to work. The stake at this point seems to be shall we be governed by government ukase, inspired by monopolistic organizations, or shall we continue to function under a legislative process in true democratic fashion?"

It did not take a union member to see the implications of the amendment but only an honest mind. In Newark corporation counsel Parsonnet declared the amendment unconstitutional, violating the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution which forbids involuntary servitude. The mayor of Camden told the governor that if he wanted any strikers arrested he would have to use his own agencies. The mayor of Newark congratulated the picketline on its courage.

All over the state the picketlines held; girls were out ninety-eight percent. But the governor proceeded with his law. A warrant was issued for the arrest of Mrs. Hanscom, Mrs. Wigglesworth and Mrs. Siciliano, who was still Miss Elizabeth Ryan. The union leaders were in New York. The police searched for them there.

IN THE quiet, neat office of the union in Newark I talked to Mary Hanscom. There were spring flowers on the windowsill. Women of different ages sat at their desks as quiet as if it were any day at the telephone company. It was hard to realize that these serene-seeming women had struck, that their leader was out on $500 bail.

Mrs. Hanscom is in her late thirties. A dark-eyed, dark-haired woman with a round jolly face, there is an exceedingly kind, strong quality about her. She told me the story of her shocking arrest.

"The police were in an ugly mood when they came looking for us in New York. At the hotel they broke down the door of Mrs. Wigglesworth's room. But they did not find us that night. Thursday we received the summons here at the office. Friday we went into Common Pleas Court. The judge put bail at $1,000 for each one of us but our lawyers got this cut in half. The judge ordered us to return and stand trial Monday, April 14." Elizabeth Ryan had planned to be married Sunday. Magnanimously the judge waived her return until Friday, the 18th. "I hope you'll be very happy," he said with wonderful unconscious irony. Over her head hung the fine and a possible jail sentence.

"We haven't enough money in the union treasury to pay a single day's fine." Mrs. Hanscom laughed. "But both the AFL and CIO have promised us help."

Mary Hanscom went to work for the New Jersey Bell when she was seventeen. "At that time they had a six-day week and we started at $14. There was no difference for night work and no seniority. We called it the Blood and Thunder Era, for you had no recourse. There was only the company union, the old Employes' Representation Plan."

It wasn't until 1941 that the traffic operators really got a union with teeth in it. "Then we were able to shorten the night hours and reclassify towns. We brought down the time of maximum pay from fourteen years to nine. But we knew nothing about running a union." She smiled ruefully. "We had everything to learn."

The telephone rang. She picked up

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the earphones and spoke into it in the direct clear manner of the operator. I wondered if she preferred those earphones from years of habit. A newsreel company wanted pictures. "We'll meet you by the Lincoln statue in the square," she said. "We're fighting involuntary servitude too, you know. . . ."

Some pickets came in from duty. Their tired look vanished when they saw her. "Hi, Mary," they said with loving inflection. "You're getting tanned, girls. You look great!" She greeted them.

On Monday, April 14, she and Mrs. Wigglesworth waived preliminary trial. The case went to the grand jury for indictment. Meanwhile union lawyers had gone before the federal court in Newark and received a temporary injunction restraining the state from enforcing the amendment on the grounds that it was unconstitutional. A few days ago a hearing was held before a board of three federal judges at which the union asked for a permanent injunction. The NFTW will fight this test case of the New Jersey Telephone Traffic Operators on up to the US Supreme Court, if necessary.

"If the New Jersey law is not tested now, every utility worker in the country will be tied down with similar laws. Ma Bell would like to see every state in the union with such a law," Mrs. Hanscom said. "Indiana and Virginia already have such laws. In these states, any arbitration is final. You have no recourse in the courts."

"What's ahead for your union?" I asked.

"When we win, as we must," she said, "we have applied for a charter to join the Communication Workers' Association, the one big union NFTW will launch this summer. We should have over 600,000 members."

"Will you join the CIO or AFL?"

"Neither is in the picture now," she said.

Before I left I talked to the office manager at the union headquarters. A little woman with a gentle shy manner, Mrs. Eyere was very much worried about the general public's reaction. "The papers get people so mixed up," she said. "My daughter was even griping until I sat her down and explained the issues to her. And you should hear the bridge players in the suburbs complain!"

I walked down to the canteen with a youngster who was on her way to picket at the big building of New Jersey Bell at 381 Washington Street, Newark. She seemed subdued, a little frightened. There had been an "accident" the day before. A company truck had rolled through the picketline flung around a company garage entrance. One girl's hip was fractured, another's foot broken. . . .

At the canteen (donated by the Cooks, Countermen and Cafeteria Workers, Local 399, AFL) several older women were serving coffee and doughnuts. A rather prim spinsterish woman told me the picketline had been called "a bunch of trollops" by a company executive the day before. "He denied it later but we had fifteen witnesses who heard him," she said. She was very excited.

"It'd all be over if Governor Driscoll hadn't interfered," a pretty redhaired girl said.

Over across the street the picketline began to sing to the tune of "The Farmer in the Dell": "The rats are in at Bell, oh the rats are in at Bell. . . ." A kind of conga, single file, began in time to the song. The broad-shouldered cops at the entrance laughed. I remembered that the mayor had congratulated the picketline and these were city cops, not state.

The tune changed to "Only twelve dollars more, give us twelve dollars more." Passersby smiled and wished them well. Their spirit was contagious. Looking back, as I walked toward the station, I could still see their signs: "MA BELL AND PA DRISCOLL WON'T MAKE SLAVES OF US."

I felt in these women a tremendous militancy and devotion to their union, little understanding yet of the larger issues. But they are learning. Ma Bell's daughters are doing fine.

MONSIEUR VERDOUX

By JOSEPH FOSTER

THE advent of *Monsieur Verdoux*, Charles Chaplin's latest film (at the Broadway) has caused some bewilderment and much hostility among film reviewers. In a film in which Chaplin expresses the toughest and clearest social criticism of his artistic career, one reviewer professes to see no communicable sense. With rare exceptions they urge him to go back to his baggy pants and crooked cane. They deplore what they consider this unfortunate break with his past, a step, they claim, that has resulted in a woeful lack of humor or symbolism.

Only an incredibly ignorant or an incredibly malicious man would describe *Verdoux* as a departure from the Chaplin tradition. For more than thirty years Chaplin has been identified as the little man, the down-trodden social outcast, the humble, impoverished victim of a society marked by war, hate, mass suicides (as in depression years) and brutal contempt for the individual. In his efforts to stay alive, to snare himself a meal, a cigar, a handful of change, a moment of love, a feeling of dignity, the Chaplin-massenmensch is a universal figure who wrings out of evil and misery the very humor and sadness of living. His victories are marked by sympathetic laughter, his defeats by an overwhelming poignance. Take any arbitrary point in this man's career, and trace the characteristics of his work. You will find that from film to film there is a solid interconnection, and from one period to the next his satire becomes sharper, more profound and takes in more specific areas of social behavior. This growth in social perception runs like a straight line through his early two-reelers like *The Immigrant*, *The Cure*, *The Bank*, *The Count*, through such later films as *Dog's Life*, *The Kid*, *Pay Day*, *The Gold Rush*, *The Circus*, through the relatively modern productions like *City Lights*, *Modern Times*, *The Great Dictator*, and the current *Verdoux*. Through them all his heroes and villains are the same social prototypes, with minor variations. His little man, buffeted about by society, makes up for his material lacks with a deftness, agility and resourcefulness that has endeared him to the common folk of every country. These natural abili-

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ties he uses with great zest to make a sucker out of the law, puncture the conceits of the wealthy, mock and satirize the pompous and the overbearing. All these characteristics are apparent in *Verdoux*, even to those who profess not to understand what the film is all about.

Throughout all these years Chaplin never forgot his own bitter childhood, part of which he spent in the poorhouse. As in real life he dreamed of splendor and wealth, so in the films his outcast always took refuge in a dream world where the little hero owned estates, married his ideal and had plenty to eat, drink and smoke.

In *Monsieur Verdoux*, his protagonist makes one noteworthy departure from the past. In previous films his hero is the unwilling and helpless victim of society. In *Verdoux* he takes the little man a step further. It is not enough to kick the cop or the restaurant owner or the banker in the tail; he must also compete for a share of the spoils. Instead of submissively accepting fate, he determines to challenge it. Instead of dreaming about a cushy world, he sets out to fashion it. He becomes an active instead of a passive agent of his fate.

"MONSIEUR VERDOUX" is placed in France during the last depression. Verdoux, a bank clerk, is fired when business shrinks. He has been a bank clerk for thirty-five years, and knows nothing else. What to do? Without special training, or skill outside his field, he is desperate over the problem of supporting his son and invalid wife, both of whom he loves. He is once again the outcast, without help or prospects, only this time he has dependents. Impressed with the moral decay on all sides, conditioned by the jungle ethics of dog-eat-dog which has been elevated to high principle by big business, immersed in the era of Mussolini and Hitler, he decides that the only way to get along is to utilize the rules that make for success. He decides to marry middle-aged women with a little property and money, do away with them and use the inheritances for his family. He is successful at it, posing at various times as a sea captain, an engineer, a dealer in antiques, a country gentleman. He is no Bluebeard murdering women out of sadistic impulses, but a hard-headed, hard-working businessman, choosing a racket that yields returns. Business, he remarks, is a ruthless business. His methods may be impure but his standards have been set by the conceit, duplicity and murder that always marked the behavior of citizens in the highest ruling circles of France.

In pursuit of his aims not only does *Verdoux* maintain a strong connection with Chaplin's professional past, but if anything clarifies the objectives of his career. Although his baggy pants have given way to striped pants and the cutaway coat, his costume is just as foolish as his derby-outsize shoes combination, albeit more respectable. He is still the little man, making a sucker out of the law, removing the cop nearest his trail with deftness and efficiency. Here too he mocks the overbearing and punctures the conceits of the wealthy by assuming the exaggerated manners of the man of wealth, the florid boulevardier, the irresistible lover and man of the world who makes extravagant speeches of endearment, wooes with expensive corsages and throws his money around ostentatiously. Other attitudes are demonstrated by his pointed remarks about the world he lives in. When he picks up a forlorn girl whose husband had just died, he defines her poverty within the larger picture of misery and mass unemployment. The pantomime of his past finds explicit expression in the dialogue of the present. The stray is also the first woman besides his wife to whom he *gives* money. She represents the sympathetic human being, the social underdog who is on his side of the fence.

That Chaplin wishes to present Verdoux, despite his choice of business, as a conventionally moral man is shown in various ways. He rebukes his son for pulling a cat's tail, remarking on his son's cruel streak. He daintily removes caterpillars from garden walks lest they get stepped on. He carefully keeps all evidence of his business methods out of sight, in the best manner of well-behaved citizens. He presents to the public gaze only the polite gestures of the successful man of affairs.

Later he confides to the stray, now the opulent mistress of a munitions manufacturer, that during these "business deals" he was like a man in a fog. His despair and the desperate need to provide for his family had dulled his moral sense so that he was unable to distinguish right from wrong, decent from reprehensible behavior. Verdoux is thus made the symbol of the unhappy Joe Doakes who, crushed by unemployment or poverty, comes to lose his moral sense, to be transformed into a monstrous being. Made cynical by indifference, he sells himself only in those services for which the ruling class has specific uses. Sermons, Sunday editorials and classroom preachments may attempt to set him on the paths of virtue, but the world of practical business teaches him otherwise. Verdoux, it is clear, believes firmly in private enterprise. It is only after he loses his wife and child that he emerges from the fog, recaptures his sense of right and wrong, realizes the enormity of his crimes and gives himself up: but then only to observe that crime in order to succeed must be organized on a large scale. Mass murder, on the scale of a war (or even as organized by a Capone), goes unpunished.

Certainly, no serious critic of Chaplin's art can honestly argue that all this is a repudiation by Chaplin of the things he has stood for in the past, either artistically or thematically. As far as his artistry is concerned, Chaplin as Verdoux is still the supreme stylist, the creative individualist of old. In his delicate gestures, his facial changes, his subtleties, resides the full equipment of his legendary skill. The film as a whole may lack the inventiveness of *Modern Times* or of the *Great Dictator*, but it is still Big League Chaplin, miles above anything else being done on the West Coast. Nor are the hilarity and wit that one identifies with Chaplin absent from the film.

Chaplin has more than once explained that the departure of the silent film necessitated new techniques to conform with the demands of the talkie. It is easy to see where these adjustments have been made. Chaplin however has been wary in his use of dialogue. Although the pantomime is toned down, it still dominates the talk. As in his silent days, every nuance of gesture is an integrated part of his acting structure. Circumstance and impulse determine the action, and action the speech. In this respect he handles dialogue like an Eisenstein, rather than like a typical Hollywood director who permits dialogue to substitute for action.

Chaplin is being attacked for his sympathy to the common man, his interest in progressive ideas, all to bring discredit to his art. No amount of attack, however, can obscure the fact that Chaplin is still one of the most gifted men in films, and that his *Monsieur Verdoux* is one of the most perceptive, most courageous films he has ever done.

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A COMMUNIST IN BUCHENWALD

Aurel Marculescu.

Imagine that you are Emil Korlbach. You must keep dying men alive for the future which is theirs.

By EUGENE WEINSTOCK

The following are extracts from three chapters of Mr. Weinstock's "Beyond the Last Path," to be published on May 19 by Boni & Gaer. The book comprises the personal experience of the author, who worked in the Belgian underground during the war, and who, after his capture by the Nazis, was imprisoned for a year and a half in the Buchenwald concentration camp. "Beyond the Last Path" will have an introduction by Emil Lengyel.

IN THE course of its existence 23,000 men left Buchenwald alive, and of these no one can count how many thousands owe their lives to Emil Korlbach. He was a veteran prisoner. He had learned how to be a prisoner under the Nazis and this was a science in itself. He knew their principles, their rules. He understood what passed for their souls. He divined their maddest motivations. He walked among them with his head high and with never a sign of fear, yet the Nazis had double reason to hate him.

Emil was a Communist, and Emil was a Jew.

Yet they did not kill him. On the contrary, they accepted his authority. It was not till many months had passed that I discovered all this, and still later I found out that the majority of the prisoners never did know of all the feats he accomplished. That was part of his technique of knowing how to be a prisoner in Buchenwald.

Personal experience taught everyone that Emil was severe, hard, a disciplinarian. When Emil gave an order it had to be carried out, there were no two ways about it. And he gave orders which were at times merciless and unbearable to men already over-driven. It seemed incomprehensible.

Emil was following a policy. What was the purpose of Buchenwald? Death. What was the answer to Buchenwald? Life. Emil's goal was simple: to save as many lives as possible. That, and no more. Emil knew how to do the job. He knew that only the utmost severity with men, and even the whip, would keep them alive. We were not on the earth, among human beings. The rules of the outside world were useless.

Imagine that you are Emil Korlbach. You are a prisoner in Buchenwald. In your charge are four hundred men. They are bitter, desperate, unbalanced. They have no reason to hope for anything good in life. They drag the heavy burden of their existence from one day to the next. Behind them, like as not, are memories of friends and family, all whom they loved, now dead. Before them lies the prospect of that dreadful twelve-minute tenancy of the crematorium ovens. But you are Emil. You are responsible for these four hundred. You have to keep them alive. That means you have to maintain order or the Nazis will kill them. They are starving. Many are dying of hunger. You have to force half-dead men to work because if you do not—the crematorium. And it is not only their physical life you must keep alive. It is their spiritual life, their mental life, as well. You have to believe that there is a future for these men in which they can play a positive role. There is little left in them to love, and yet you must love them.

There are very few men who could have been an Emil Korlbach.

I remember evenings when Emil would talk to men in the Jewish Block, explaining some apparently heartless command he had given them. "I know some of you detest me," he said. "You think I'm playing up to the Nazis at your expense. I don't care what you think. But just remember this: do as I tell you if you want to stay alive, or even if you don't. I want to stay alive and I'll see to it that you do."

HIS leadership in this block was not the only thing that distinguished him. Emil also accomplished other impossibilities. It was he who helped make Buchenwald the one concentration camp in which there was an active, functioning underground.

Naturally many men understood Emil and therefore loved him. This was true not only in our block but in every block where prisoners in leadership knew him, for he was one of the key members of the small band who directed the underground activities in Buchenwald.

The underground had the aim which Emil expressed: its one function was to save lives, and they often accomplished this by misleading or tricking the SS and the guards. This was also the genesis of most of Emil's harsh orders. It was as impermissible to disobey a block leader as an SS trooper.

I heard many conflicting opinions about Emil while he was in the hospital. Some had a natural reaction which I could appreciate: they instinctively distrusted the prisoner-representatives whom the Nazis themselves appointed, and they knew from bitter experience that some of these men, in fear only of their own lives, were on occasion as ruthless as the SS guards. The Ger-

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man tactic was to place criminal elements in positions of power: murderers, arsonists, rapists, convicts of every stripe. They hoped thereby to encourage the prisoners to do the work of killing each other off, and in many cases this policy was successful, particularly in the early days of Buchenwald.

When Emil arrived in 1937, the block leaders were just such criminal elements, while the majority of the prisoners were leaders of anti-Nazi organizations. The first task the political prisoners undertook was to wrest leadership from the criminals. They succeeded to a large extent, partly because the Nazis needed internal discipline as much as they needed mutual murder.

When I arrived at Buchenwald—and this is knowledge I did not have at the time—Emil and about twenty other block leaders worked together, keeping each other informed of the Nazis' plans. The underground had to counteract these plans.

It was the cruellest task that any underground has ever faced because the method was to devise a way to sacrifice one or two men to save fifty—or fifty men to save five hundred. The Nazi system was so thorough that anti-Nazis, too, had to accept death as a method of work.

Even in Buchenwald some currents of civilian life persisted. The underground was separated into two factions. One was composed of Communists, sympathizers and left-wingers, all veteran, experienced prisoners. The other group had no Communist members and was even ideologically anti-Communist. Yet in the proximity of an SS uniform there was little time for ideological discussion. Both organizations shared the same aim, and neither tried to undermine the other. There was a working agreement between the two which brought results.

EMIL KORLBACH was waiting for us in the block when we returned from the hospital.

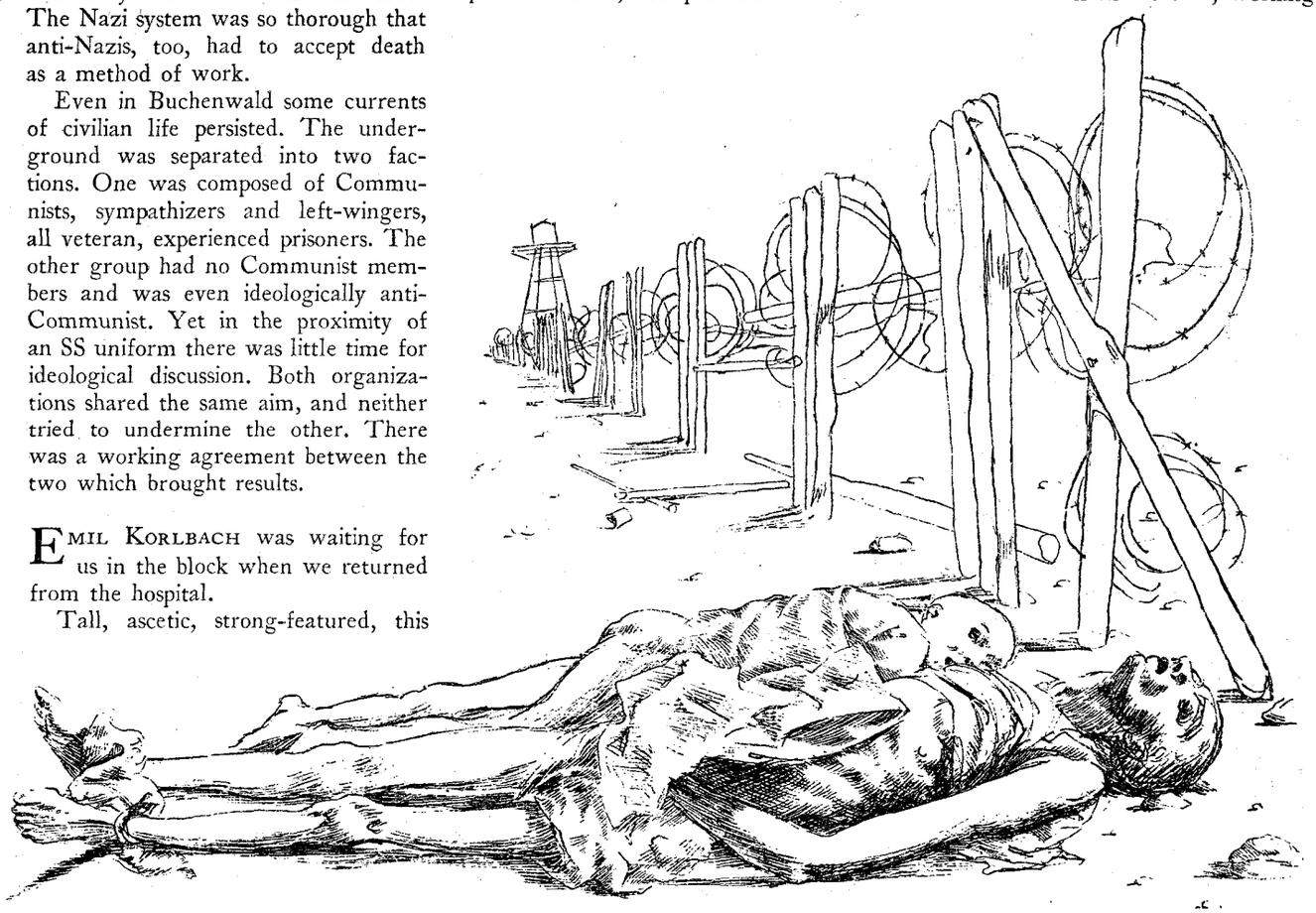
Tall, ascetic, strong-featured, this man immediately gave the impression of one who had lived through suffering. Like all block leaders he wore a semi-military uniform—blue soldier's jacket, breeches and boots. His bearing, too, was that of a soldier. He had great physical self-control. On his face was the story of the years of his youth, spent in imprisonment. Already twenty-nine, Emil had never been able to test the carefree adventures of the young, to savor a first love, perhaps to marry. Emil never had the time to be young.

His father had been a rabbi in Frankfurt-am-Main. When Emil was sixteen he joined the young workers' movement in Germany, and shortly achieved a reputation as a Marxist lecturer. In 1933 he was as well known to the Nazis as to Marxist workers, and the Gestapo picked him up soon after Hitler seized power. The prison number which appeared on his jacket was proof of this. The number was 430. The difference between that 430 and my 22843 explained a great deal. His parents, his brothers and sisters, his relatives and millions of his people were all dead. And yet he stood confidently before us, erect, a statue poured of steel, and spoke a few words.

"Listen to me." He talked simply, not choosing his words, but as though he were having a casual conversation with old friends. "You're not going to work yet. But I want you to be clear about one thing. When you go to work you've got to hold your own. You can't give them any excuse to say that a Jew can't work as well as an 'Aryan.' It's very important for you to show that we Jews can do what others can do. Right now this is particularly important. There's a possibility that they're going to open the factories and shops to us before long. That can make life in Buchenwald a lot more bearable for all of us. We can't miss the chance.

"One other thing. I want you to be very careful about keeping clean. I know it's hard but it's got to be done. Keep an eye on each other in this respect. If a disease gets a foothold in this crowded barracks, we're finished. Absolutely finished. Don't forget the crematorium."

When he finished speaking he turned on his heel and headed for Wing B where he had a small room of his own from which he directed the activities of the 400 men in his care, working



Museum of Modern Art.

Pen and ink by Corrado Cagli. The drawings on these pages were done by concentration camp prisoners.

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from four in the morning until midnight. We were all a little surprised at his manner, so military, so cool, his bearing so measured. He seemed positively Prussian.

We talked about Emil, talked without knowing the many things we have since learned. Only Emil's most trusted friends and companions knew that he was one of the leading members of the Buchenwald underground. Fully eighty percent of the camp had not even the slightest suspicion of this. While most of the prisoners surrendered all hope during the first few weeks of their captivity, Emil and his colleagues, men with experience in organization and anti-fascist struggle, were convinced that we would finally annihilate the Nazis. But they knew we would never annihilate them with apathy.

The underground, like everything else in Buchenwald, was totally different from the underground in the outside world. What I would have considered an act of great heroism in the Belgian Resistance would be an act of the grossest stupidity, if not an outright provocation, in Buchenwald. We could not use the weapons available in the outside world. In the Resistance we had organized sabotage. In Buchenwald we would not even tolerate talk of sabotage, and if we were convinced a man was intent upon committing an act of sabotage, we would get him out of the way ourselves. One fool, throwing a handful of sand in the oil, would send fifty men to the crematorium.

In the early days Emil and his associates actually worked harder than other prisoners in order to win leading positions and even gain the confidence of the SS. At first many experienced workers, from the trade union movement and the left political parties, could not see what path to follow. There were theories that the function of the underground should be to sabotage Buchenwald war industry, and there were early misunderstandings and complications which took valuable time before the underground straightened them out. These misconceptions and delays cost many lives.

Once the underground agreed on its basic "save-lives" policy, Emil and his associates worked in various ways. Members of the underground held a number of key administrative positions. They were trustworthy and devoted anti-fascists, Germans in the main, veteran political prisoners. At times they changed a dead man's record and number for the record and number of someone who was living but sentenced to die. This saved one person from the crematorium. Sometimes they found it possible to use bribery, and on occasion even a form of blackmail was effective with certain individuals in authority who had something to conceal.

IN ALL his years in Buchenwald I doubt whether Emil ever acquitted himself more nobly than when he saved the Russian and Hungarian children. He accomplished a miracle that no inmate of Buchenwald at the time will ever forget.

There were in the camp about fifty Russian children, two of whom were only ten years old (although officially much older). Since everyone in Buchenwald had to work, these two lived in the Big Lager with the others. They worked in the kitchen. Morning and evening they stood Appel (roll-call) with us. Everyone contributed a little to help them dress warmly so that they could survive winter Appels. During the day they sat around the kitchen, and in the evenings they played with the grown-ups. We all saw to it that they had enough to eat. It was a triumph on our part that despite Buchenwald, these two children were gay and lively.

The other Russian children worked on the night shift, most of them in the shoemaker's shop, so that they did not have to stand Appel.

Then the second large Hungarian transport arrived, and it brought to the camp 410 children between the ages of thirteen and sixteen! Emil immediately made it his objective to save the lives of these children. First he had to talk to the Nazi officials, and he must have been unusually eloquent because he convinced them that these skinny, starved boys would develop into first-rate workers. Then he arranged to organize four separate children's barracks which would include the Russians and Hungarians.

He ran into difficulties. The "political" fathers immediately saw the sense of this, and understood that their children had a better chance of survival if they supported Emil. Those fathers who were neither "politicals" nor organized workers resisted the idea strenuously, and thereby placed the lives of their children in serious danger. Emil finally convinced all except one man who refused to give in—and who left Buchenwald in a death-transport, his son by his side!

Emil arranged for the children to have five weeks of leisure, after which he could stall no longer. Then they were sent out to work. In the evenings the children, most of whom were orphans, visited the various blocks. One or two of us appointed ourselves foster-fathers for every child. It was our responsibility to get the children extra food, a little clothing, share packages, watch out for their health. Actually we succeeded in establishing what amounted to a family relationship with them. After work each child used to seek out his foster-fathers in the barracks.

Some of us who were equipped for the task started evening classes for the boys; other gave lectures on subjects which interested them. Our efforts were so successful that the children actually maintained themselves in good physical condition, and had the best possible mental development under the circumstances.

On the day of liberation every child stood in the yard, alive and healthy, clapping for the Allied armies. This was Buchenwald's greatest miracle. The children had finally graduated that macabre school, and today I am sure that whenever they feel grateful for life and the pleasures of living, they think of that stern, unbending, poker-faced man called Emil Korlbach, the man who never had time to be young.

WILLIAM J. GRIFFIN

With deepest regret we record the passing of William J. Griffin. When he died last week he was in his middle twenties and despite his long, incapacitating illness he continued to write his stories of working-class life, one of which appeared in NEW MASSES of Dec. 31, 1946. This story, "Timothy Whelan and the Gulls," showed abundant talent born out of immersion in factory and waterfront life. It was not only that Bill knew the score and what makes the world tick but in him burned a bright flame. He was a fighter for rational values and for a freedom where the young could live out their lives in happiness and security. To his wife and his family we send our heartfelt condolences.
—The Editors.

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It was different for a fascist...

The following is an excerpt from the proceedings of the Un-American Committee of Jan. 30, 1946. By itself it is a typical example of the committee's smear technique used against any individual or organization differing with the Rankin-Thomas brand of "Americanism." But more: it is an example of how outright fascists are favored and coddled by committee members. When Gerhart Eisler, the anti-fascist, appeared before the committee, he was not permitted to make any statement whatever. Because he insisted he was cited for contempt. Yet when Gerald L. K. Smith, the anti-Semite and head of the America First Party, came before the committee, he was treated with a hospitality characteristic of men who understand each other. Smith made his statement; he is at large, free to carry on his fascist activity. Eisler was gagged and then put behind bars on the trumped-up charge that he was a dangerous enemy alien.

Last week he was released on $20,000 bail. Eisler now faces two federal indictments, one for "contempt" of Congress and another for "perjury." All this is part of the illegal un-American Committee's campaign of persecution against anyone who refuses to crawl on his belly before it. Eisler, who along with others will speak at a NEW MASSES *meeting in Webster Hall, Monday, April 28, remarked as he left the federal prison: "If American foreign policy had not radically changed, this petty-minded, ridiculous persecution would not have taken place."*

MR. RANKIN. Mr. Smith, you spoke a while ago of having a statement you would like to make. I would rather hear your statement before I cross-examine you.

MR. ADAMSON (committee counsel): Very well, Mr. Chairman. He has the statement here. Do you want him to read it or just insert it?

MR. RANKIN: I would like for him to read it. I would like to hear it.

THE CHAIRMAN (MR. WOOD): Mr. Rankin, it seems to be a rather lengthy statement, and the House will convene in about fifty minutes from now. I think the members of the committee would like to ask Mr. Smith some questions.

(The statement was then introduced in the record, but later Rep. Thomas, alluding to charges from other members of Congress that Smith was "America's most raucous purveyor of anti-Semitism and of racial and religious bigotry," asked him, "Do you believe that you have been anti-Semitic?")

MR. SMITH: I insist on answering that with my statement. . . .

THE CHAIRMAN: Your statement, Mr. Smith, is in the record. . . .

MR. RANKIN: Mr. Chairman, if this man wants to read his statement or make a statement to the committee under these charges, I think he should be permitted to do so. (Applause.)

THE CHAIRMAN: There will be no applause in this hearing.

MR. RANKIN: Everyone we have brought here who did not resist the subpena of this committee—everyone we have brought since I have been a member of this committee has been permitted to make a statement, every single one of them.

THE CHAIRMAN: On the contrary, since I have been connected with the committee there has been no statement submitted to be read. . . .

After Smith's remark that "pro-Communist Congressmen" had impugned his patriotism, and that he had "a right to petition for a fifteen-minute free statement without restraint, because I am being branded by traitors as a traitor, and I insist on making a statement," the chairman replied: ". . . When the examination is concluded, if the committee desires to hear you for fifteen minutes, the Chair will be glad to give you that privilege. Are there any further questions?"

MR. THOMAS: Yes, I didn't get an answer to that last question.

MR. SMITH: May I answer your question by saying that as the psychology has developed among certain Jewish Gestapo organizations in America that brands any man who criticizes any Jew as anti-Semitic, and based on that practice I have been branded by these privately financed Gestapo groups as anti-Semitic, but according to the religion of my Christian mother I am not. . . . I am opposed to the majority abusing any minority, but I am opposed to any minority abusing the majority.

(Asked to name them, Smith replied: "The so-called Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League, the so-called Anti-Defamation League, the so-called Friends of Democracy, directed by Rex Stout and L. M. Birkhead, are the three most flagrant operators of private Gestapo activities. . . ." There was more questioning, before Rep. Rankin said, "Now go ahead with your statement," and Smith did. Included was the following Q. and A.:)

MR. MURDOCK: . . . May I ask, Mr. Smith, the background of your appearance here? Is it on your own motion or were you invited to appear as a witness, or were you subpenaed to appear?

MR. SMITH: Mr. Chairman, through the years Congressman Celler, Congressman Sabath, Congressman Marcantonio, and other left-wing Congressmen have risen on the floor and brought into question my patriotism, and branded me as a fascist. . . . Some time ago I petitioned the committee—or rather suggested to the committee—I did not petition, I suggested to the committee that there was no question or accusation that these men could raise that I could not meet, and that I would be only too glad to submit myself to a merciless cross-examination concerning my whole activities and my ideology. . . .

(From then on, the day was his. Occasionally he was interrupted by sympathetic questions. At one point, Rep. Thomas asked, "You wouldn't say Frank Sinatra was a Communist, would you?" This was followed by:)

MR. SMITH: He may not be that intelligently. . . .

MR. THOMAS: Would you say he was sort of a Mrs. Roosevelt in pants? (Laughter.)

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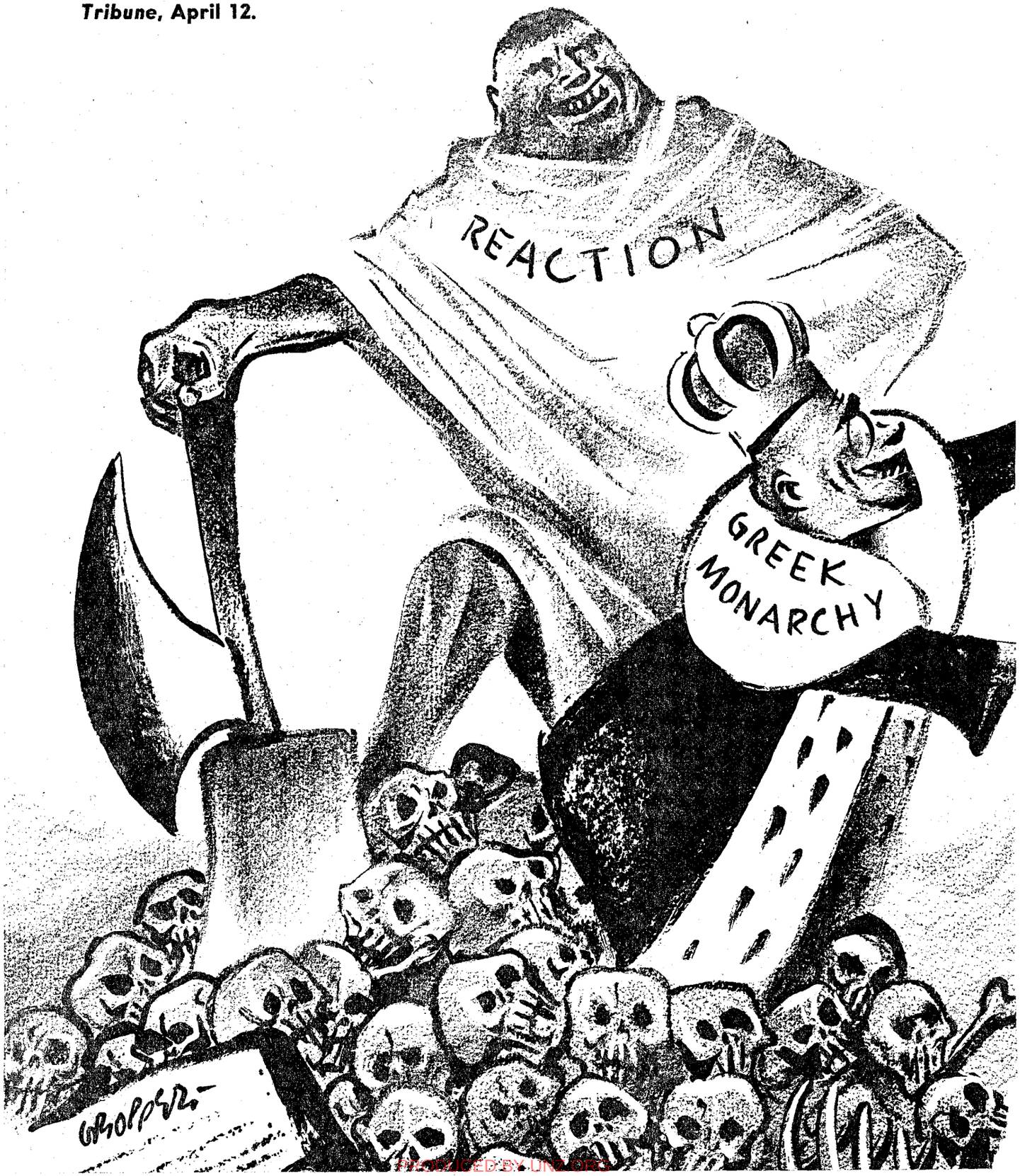
NEWS ITEM: "The royalist newspaper *Thnikos Kyrix* published a grisly photograph yesterday showing eight heads of guerrillas slain in operations west of Thessaly." —The New York *Herald Tribune*, April 12.



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ATTACK ON THE CAMPUS

The Michigan State case is a focal point in the fight for real academic freedom.

By STUART CLEVELAND

AMERICA's students have a tradition of intellectual independence. And the student movement of the Thirties proved that they are not afraid to act on their beliefs. Not long ago in California—where no chapter of the American Youth for Democracy is chartered as a legal organization on any campus—a group of AYD members at the University of California in Los Angeles risked suspension at the hands of the Board of Regents when they picketed and distributed leaflets in support of the Hollywood strikers. In this case, the progressives were finally saved from suspension by the intercession of Provost Clarence Dykstra, who took the position that what groups of students choose to do off campus should not affect their status on campus.

In the crisis for campus democracy today, there have appeared few such administrators. In nearly every part of the country, the traditional academic rights of students and faculty members are under serious attack. At the University of Wisconsin the Republican-dominated Board of Regents refused to renew the teaching contract of Howard MacMurray because his candidacy for the US Senate on the Democratic ticket showed his "main interests were political, not academic." An independent organization at Syracuse University, Youth for Progress, was for a time banned from the campus. And at San Francisco State College and the University of Colorado, among others, the major progressive national student organization, the American Youth for Democracy, has become the main target of native fascists, big business interests and Jesuitical educational leaders. At Queens College, N. Y., the AYD has been banned.

These attacks on academic freedom have, of course, not been confined to the campus. It is an important part of the Red-baiting, anti-labor, anti-progressive hysteria which is the domestic program of the "Truman Doctrine." In the shrill columns of the Hearst press, and in other papers, exposes of AYD have appeared. Hearst paid for half-page advertisements on "Communism in the Colleges" in hundreds of non-Hearst newspapers throughout the country. Rankin has proposed to make teaching Marxism, or about Marxism, a penal offense. His targets include "internationally-minded atomic scientists." J. Edgar Hoover seems to have discovered a new interest in learning. He sent a "dossier" on AYD to the administration of Michigan State College. And state legislature after state legislature, deaf to the real needs of our educational system and its teachers, have appointed their own investigating committees.

MICHIGAN STATE COLLEGE has been a focal point of the attack on democratic education. It might be interesting to take a closer view of the situation there. At that school the AYD has never been a recognized club on the campus. Nevertheless, a group of progressives there have organized themselves into the "Spartans," an unofficial chapter of the AYD, taking action on off-campus issues. According to the New York *Times* (Feb. 3, 1947), "a charter to meet on the campus was denied to the group several months ago. The student council recently recommended disciplinary action because the group had been functioning in violation of council ruling." (Those of us on campuses where the student council acts in defense of student democracy find it hard to conceive of such disciplinary action being recommended by an organ of student government.)

Toward the end of January, the Michigan AYD chapter distributed leaflets on the campus in support of the creation of a state Fair Employment Practices Commission. Immediately President Hanna of Michigan State College placed all AYD members of the Spartan chapter on continuous probationary status, forbidding them to enter into any extra-curricular activity, forbidding them to solicit membership in their club and stating that any student who now joins the Spartan Club will automatically come under the probationary status. President Hanna further stated that any member of a Communist or "Communist-front" organization will be expelled from college.

Governor Kim Sigler of Michigan took an active part in this suppression of college progressives. He went to Washington to enlist the aid of the FBI in his drive against students and union officials. "We have a group of radicals trying to create discord in labor, schools and colleges up there," he said. "Some call themselves Communists and others use nice-sounding, sugar-coated names. We have agitators, radicals, Communists and plain SOB's in Michigan."

Lest it be thought that this attack on the Michigan State campus is an isolated discharge of gubernatorial venom, let us look at the situation in the state of Michigan today—the school system, for example. Michigan schools rank twenty-seventh in national estimates for efficiency and facilities; the teachers' wages are so low that they recently took a strike vote. Detroit's schools are overcrowded, operate in two shifts daily. Last November the people of Michigan voted in a referendum that one-third of the state sales tax revenue be returned to school districts to help improve education. Governor Sigler demanded that the vote be nullified by a new referendum. What are some of the things the state administration plans to spend money for? Governor Sigler has just asked his legislature to buy him 100 airplanes for an enlarged National Guard available for strike duty. . . .

It is not the progressive student movement alone that is being attacked. As the Michigan State Senate set up a three-man committee to "investigate Red subversive activities in colleges," a bill was offered in the House of Representatives to create a special nine-man committee to investigate "subversive or un-American persons or organizations." Investigation for "Communist organization" among 20,000 state employes has been ordered: this is aimed at the CIO United Public

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Wor s, who are now seeking a forty-hour week and pay increases. Mrs. Marion Baker, leader of the Lansing FEPC Committee, has been ordered investigated. Ford Local 600 of the UAW has been raided by a grand jury, with union records seized. Perhaps the acme of reactionary Michigan politics in recent months was the appropriation for "general use" of $50,000,000 from the special veterans' reserve fund set up by the last legislature; this in the face of wide popular demand for veterans' bonuses.

This general pattern of Red-baiting and witch-hunts to divert the mind of the man-on-the-street or of "Joe College" from the real aims of an entrenched reaction is clear-cut in miniature on the Michigan State campus; it can be distinguished in the more complex web of events in the state of Michigan, and it is easily recognizable as a pattern developing all over America.

WHAT has been the reaction to the suppression of AYD at Michigan State College?

Immediately after the pronouncement of President Hanna, a delegation of leaders of the AYD telegraphed Governor Sigler, expressing their willingness to discuss with him the program and purposes of the AYD. Sigler refused. Instead, he ordered the state police to take charge of the situation on the college campus.

Protests have reached the president and Governor Sigler from all over Michigan, from all over America; a faculty-student "Committee for Academic Freedom" has been formed at the University of Michigan by 100 professors and most of the student leaders; an "Academic Freedom Committee" has been set up at Wayne University. Eighty college veterans from sixteen Michigan colleges—representing 43,000 student veterans in Michigan—attended a conference at the

THE WALLACE INCIDENT

WE SHALL have to see the wild howling, the mad roaring at Henry Wallace as more than an issue between him and his enemies. This battle runs to the heart of America's future: whether it is to be life in an iron trap or in an era of progress. It is fantasy to think that they besmirch Wallace or threaten him with imprisonment because he condemns their policies in foreign lands. They tarred him when he spoke the same words in his own country. They expelled him from public office for saying in New York what in substance he has said in London and Paris. They did not tolerate the criticism here and they will not tolerate it wherever and by whomever it is made.

There is method in this madness and the lunacy is fascist rationale. The crux of their efforts lies in an attempt to shut the world up, to keep it from judging the acts of an unbridled imperialism. We have a token of the civilization they seek in the report that Secretary Marshall in Moscow goes to bed with a loaded pistol by his side. The men who cannot trust the night or their hosts reflect an officialdom that cannot trust any man. Theirs is a mind stippled with hostilities, suspicions, fears. And it works itself up into threatening all possessed of a different mind. It sets its own special standards for what shall be said and when and where. Such a mind attempts to wield a vast censorship over frankness and honesty. Uncurbed, this moral disease ends in delirious violence and brutality.

Not even Henry Wallace, former Vice President, former Secretary of Commerce and Agriculture, close friend of Roosevelt, a man with faith in a profit economy, could escape it. And we have here finally the evidence that it is not alone the Communists who are the targets of the profit-mad. No distinctions are made. They rivet on Wallace the same labels they rivet on a Eugene Dennis. It is also time to see that there is no safety in anyone believing that he will be left untouched if he is not a Marxist. The hatred envelops all unwilling to cross the divide to a set of beliefs that we and the Russians are eternal enemies, that the American ruling class is a model of righteousness, that problems cannot be solved without rattling sabers.

No one should miss the meaning of the fact that Charles Lindbergh has crept out of the woodwork to applaud the Truman-Vandenberg Doctrine. The wheel has come full turn and the anti-Semite who spent such pleasant hours in Germany with Hermann Goering now sees his love for the Nazi way of life, the Hitlerite foreign policy, completely vindicated. The man who should have been in the dock at Nuremberg has lived to see the day when Wallace, the arch enemy of everything Goering represented, is officially ridiculed and scorned. It is Lindbergh who should have been tried for treason but it is Wallace who is charged with it. It is Lindbergh against whom the Logan act should have been brought to bear for conspiring in Germany in 1938 with heads of the Nazi government but it is Wallace who is falsely charged with violating that law today.

Not one of those in Congress who struck at Wallace struck at Lindbergh. Not one wire service which carried all or most of Lindbergh's statement gave Wallace's recent speeches the same attention. These are the indices to a future of insane values. It is the mark too of frightened men. They have little confidence in what they do; otherwise why are they ruffled so easily by one man's words? They suspect what everyone who has not lost his balance knows: Wallace speaks for most of America and his words carry more weight and authority and reflect immeasurably more the real desires of common men than those who now hold authority and have their words stamped with a government seal. In Europe Wallace is regaining for us the respect and good will which Truman and Vandenberg have squandered. He brings to his countrymen the knowledge that they are not alone in their struggles, in their deep anxiety over what their tomorrows will be like if they are fashioned solely to keep the rate of profit from falling.

JOHN STUART.

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University of Michigan, where they declared: "We deplore hysterical attempts by you to abridge or suppress freedom of speech or assembly and strongly urge you, the governor of Michigan, to devote your entire energy to the solution of the pressing problems of housing, restrictive racial quotas and inadequate allotments for public education."

As a demonstration that the interests of labor and those of students cannot be separated, R. J. Thomas, vice-president of the UAW-CIO, declared that no one should "be fooled by this Red-baiting as just an attack on the American Youth for Democracy or the Communist Party. This Sigler is aiming at the labor movement and uses as his opening barrage the old Red-baiting softening-up process to divide our ranks."

From Wayne University, where another witch-hunt has begun, Joyce Pollard, editor of the college paper, said in an editorial: "The ideas for which they [AYD members] stand are principles which all Americans stand for under the Constitution of the United States. AYD has been active in the fight against racial discrimination and fascism. Surely neither of these activities can be termed objectionable."

The AYD has never concealed the fact that Communists are active both in its membership and leadership. Its militant program and activities to meet the needs of young people are broad enough to unite all progressives from Communists to Willkie Republicans. The percentage of Communists in the AYD is small. Its original leaders came not only from the Young Communist League, disbanded in 1943 in the interests of broader unity, but from trade unions, religious and Negro youth organizations. Its program is one which makes possible an effective cooperation among Communists and other young people. The real reason for the attack on the AYD can be found in its militant program for the solution of the educational crisis, a program which calls for increased scholarships, free state universities, expansion of academic facilities and federal aid to education. It is this program that the opponents of AYD actually oppose; and it is the educational crisis which the Siglers would like the people to ignore as they are diverted by a hysterical campaign of witch-hunting.

A significant protest statement is a letter from Jim Smith, president of the student body of the University of Texas. More important, Smith is president of the National Continuations Committee of the Chicago Student Conference. The "NCC" is making plans for the founding of a National Student Organization next summer, an organization uniting all students, without discrimination because of color, race, religious and political beliefs, to work for a resolution of the problems which concern the American student body as a whole. Smith personally opposes the organization and program of the American Youth for Democracy. But he realizes that the attack on the AYD in Michigan is an attack on campus democracy everywhere. In his letter to the Michigan NCC members he says, "When the NSO is established, investigation of student suppression and resistance against student suppression will certainly be one phase of its broad program. The NSO will, I am sure, recognize that suppression of students whose political convictions may be extremely leftist can easily lead to suppression of students for reasons not concerned with political characteristics at all."

The Michigan case is evidence that the need for a National Students' Organization in the United States is real and urgent. Here at Harvard, where the liberal tradition is strong, the administration's infringements on academic freedom have been few, and these few, subtle. But Harvard is not invulnerable. No college is.

The case at Michigan State College speaks for itself. The fight there is a focal point of the nationwide struggle for campus democracy. Academic freedom has been placed on "probation." Will the next steps be suspension, then expulsion? The answer depends upon what is done — and now — by an aroused student movement, an aroused America.

Stuart Cleveland is a student at Harvard University. He is on the staff of the "Harvard Progressive," publication of the Harvard Liberal Union.

FROM SAIPAN TO SEVENTH AVENUE

For these Negro vets the war goes on. Jim Crow is target No. 1 for their fighting organization.

By VIVIAN HOWARD

ONE of the new organizations of ex-servicemen which was formed since V-J Day is the United Negro and Allied Veterans of America. Some may ask, why a new veterans' organization? Why a *Negro* veterans' organization?

Walter Garland, a leader of UNAVA, has an answer to those questions. "Our organization came into being because it had to," he remarked. "Back in 1945 on Saipan, before UNAVA even existed, we were talking about it."

There was a party going on that night in one of the mess halls overlooking the harbor in Saipan. It was Christmas Eve, and about two hundred soldiers sat around in the heat and sweated and drank warm beer. The party had its light-hearted moments, but on the whole it was a serious affair considering that this was Christmas Eve and the war was over. Or was it over? These particular men weren't quite sure. For one thing, they were all Negroes. For another thing,

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when you are in a distant land on Christmas Eve, you are bound to think about home. In a couple of months or weeks they would no longer be soldiers but veterans, and what would it mean, being a Negro veteran? The same old frustrations, the same bitterness, repression, violence, the same second-class citizenship? The two hundred men were in the mood for asking questions.

That day Garland had received a letter from a friend, Oliver Martin, who had just been discharged from the Army. Martin wrote casually about plans for a new veterans' organization. There was nothing definite yet, just plans, talk, correspondence among soldiers whom the war had flung into every part of the world. This new veterans' organization would be formed for the specific purpose of dealing with the problems of Negro veterans. It was a time for being realistic. None of the existing veterans' groups, not even the ones with liberal programs, could or would meet the special needs of Negroes.

Garland was, in a way, the hero of the party since he had obtained the beer, and a lot of men gathered around when he read the letter. Afterward, everyone was impatient to talk. This was a subject on which each man had done some private thinking.

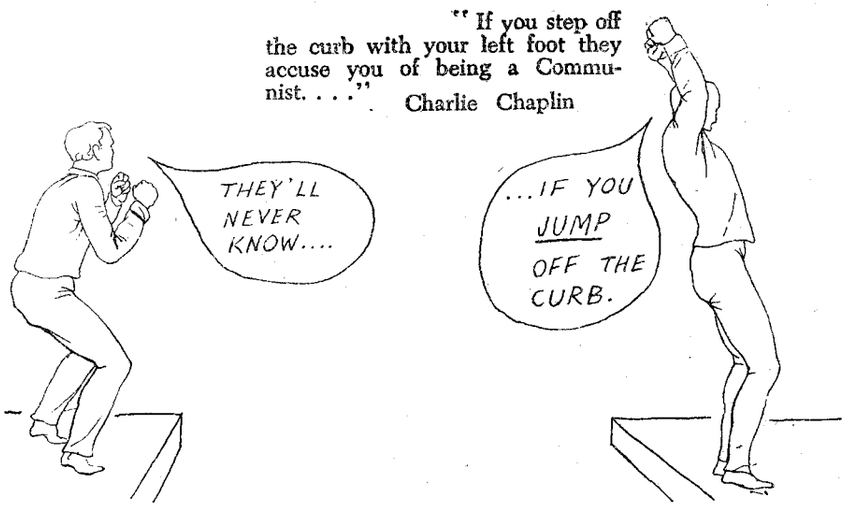
One soldier said, "I don't know if we should have a separate Negro organization. Wouldn't it be a Jim Crow outfit?"

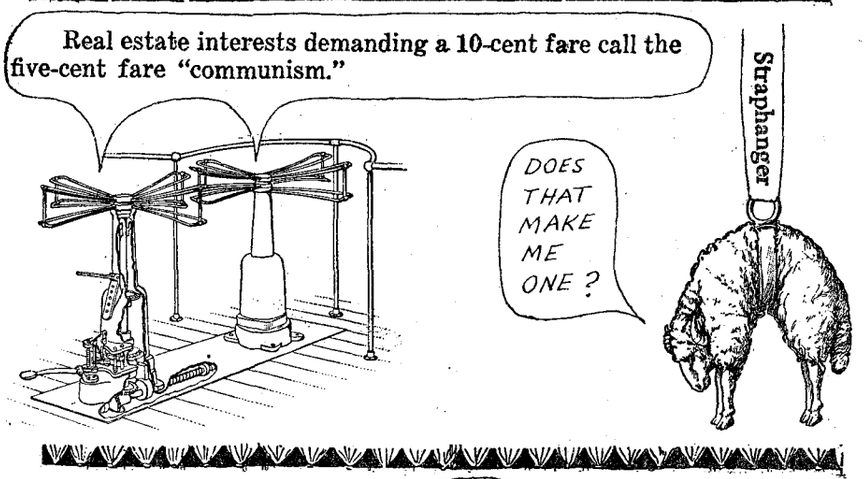
Someone else answered quickly, "Brother, you sure are looking at it backward. We'd be the only veterans' outfit that was formed to *fight* Jim Crow!"

Walter Garland had been in the fighting business for a long time, ever since the war in Spain where he served as a lieutenant with the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. He went into the Army in 1942 and became a rifle platoon sergeant, with a GI itinerary that took him to Hawaii, Guam, Saipan, Tinian and Iwo Jima.

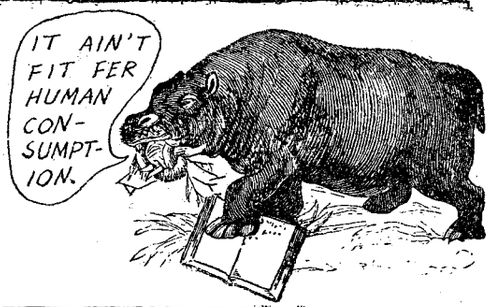
The soldier who wrote the letter, Oliver Martin, was also a sergeant. But while Garland did his island-hopping in the Pacific, Martin was making an intensive tour of the more rugged aspects of the Italian peninsula. He was in combat with the 92nd Division and received the Bronze Star for unusual heroism in rescuing thirty wounded men from a town surrounded by the Germans. Before the war Martin played semi-pro football, baseball

On Safari With Harari


" If you step off the curb with your left foot they accuse you of being a Communist. . . ." Charlie Chaplin
THEY'LL NEVER KNOW....
...IF YOU JUMP OFF THE CURB.



In California, I learn from the Journal-American, a legislator has demanded an investigation of a textbook on marital relations because it mentions sex and says marriage is a civil contract rather than a sacrament. This proves it is "Communist."



Rep. Eugene E. Cox (D., Ga.): "Wallace has been talking as if he is on his way to Moscow with no intention of coming back."

Rep. L. Mendel Rivers (D. S. C.): "I think his speeches in Europe clearly indicate that they have been cleared with Joe Stalin."

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and basketball. He got to know a lot of people and kept meeting old friends again and again in the 92nd. Some of those he stumbled upon were lying dead on Italian hillsides with their eyes staring into the sun. And Martin wondered: what sort of break would the Negro veterans get after the shooting was over?

THERE was another sergeant in the 92nd Division whom Sgt. Martin didn't meet until he returned home. Afterward he and Howard Johnson found out that they must have been on the same battlefields at nearly the same time. Johnson had been in a service unit, but like many other Negro soldiers, he volunteered for combat duty as soon as the Army permitted it. In Italy he became a scout corporal and then an artillery sergeant. Johnson saw action on the Arno, the Appenines and the Po Valley, and came out with two Purple Hearts and more than thirty pieces of shrapnel in his body. The second time he was wounded, Johnson was serving with the artillery arm of the 442nd Nisei regiment, which won the distinction of being the most decorated unit in the whole American Army.

Ex-sergeant Johnson is now National Vice Commander, ex-sergeant Martin is New York State Commander and ex-sergeant Garland is State Executive Officer of UNAVA. The organization which was dreamed up in hundreds of bull sessions from Saipan to the Po Valley is a reality.

The day that Howard Johnson was discharged from the hospital, Jan. 8, 1946, he went straight to a meeting of three hundred veterans at the Harlem YMCA. This group called themselves United Veterans for Equality and its provisional committee included such men as Joe Louis, Captain Hugh Mulzac, Sy Oliver, Walter Bernstein, Millard Lampell, Gilbert Sherman, Ray Robinson, Len Zinberg and Ben Kuroki. They issued a call for all independent groups to affiliate with them in forming a national veterans' organization that would have as its primary aim the fight against Negro discrimination.

Independent groups of Negro veterans had sprung up all over the country, not affiliating with any national organization because they felt that the veterans' organizations then existing could do little for them. Some of these small clubs were connected with churches or fraternal groups, others were entirely independent. There was such a group in Harlem and another in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn. In Bedford-Stuyvesant, the outfit called itself the Brooklyn Veterans' Organizing Committee, and although they knew exactly what they wanted to do — protest against the treatment that Negro veterans were getting in the way of jobs, housing and lynch terror—they found that a small group of angry men on Franklin Avenue could do very little. More than local organization was needed.

Among the groups which responded to the call for merger was the Veterans Against Discrimination, the 92nd Division Association, League of Combat Infantrymen, United Veterans of Georgia, Veterans of World War II and Michigan League of Veterans.

A convention was held in Chicago in April, 1946, and the new organization was born. The name, United Negro and Allied Veterans of America, was agreed upon only after several days of heated debate. This new name, it was finally decided, best expressed the purpose of the new organization, which was seeking to unite both Negro and white veterans in a battle for democracy, security and a lasting peace.

UNAVA is now one year old. It has a membership of nearly ten thousand in thirty-one states, with ten percent of this membership being white. Honorary National Commander is Joe Louis and Honorary State Commander Jackie Robinson. The organization is growing fast, and its chapters exert a unique influence in the communities where they are located. UNAVA was active in Freeport, L. I., the night after the Ferguson brothers were murdered; thirty-five of their members went to testify against Bilbo in the recent hearings in Jackson, Miss.; another group led by Kenneth Kennedy, National Commander, marched to the courthouse in Birmingham, Ala., last summer to vote in the primaries. UNAVA has taken action against the lynchings in Monroe, Ga., in the Isaac Woodard case, and that of John Jones, Negro veteran from Mississippi, who was castrated by a blow torch in the hands of a lynch mob.

UNAVA has received the financial and organizational backing of the Elks, the Masons, the Fraternal Council of Negro Churches and other groups influential in Negro life—all of whom have keenly felt the lack of a national veterans' organization that could both understand and deal with the problems faced by their own ex-servicemen.

GARLAND and Johnson, the sparkplugs of the New York State organization, are very busy men. Garland is a big man with a lively sense of humor and a slightly harassed look. Johnson, who is known as "Stretch" (height 6 feet 3½ inches), is soft-spoken and has a deceptively easy manner. He does not get around as much or as fast as he'd like to because of his wounds, but he and Garland cover a lot of ground in any one day. There might be a trip to City Hall in the morning with several families who were evicted from a condemned house in Harlem and had found no place to live. Then there is a call from Harlem Hospital—a Navy veteran belonging to UNAVA has had an emergency operation and blood donors are needed. Five members of the Charles Ferguson Chapter in Harlem are rounded up and dispatched to the hospital. A veteran walks into the office and wants to know how he can organize a new chapter. The Bronx Chapter is having a demonstration in front of the Bureau of Internal Revenue where hundreds of Negro veterans have been laid off. There is mail to be answered, and the telephones ring constantly. The office at 2143 Seventh Ave. is no rear-echelon HQ.

A short time ago, UNAVA publicized the story of one of its members, James Jackson, ex-combat infantryman, who came home to find out he had to live separated from his family. Jackson's wife and child stayed with relatives in Baltimore while he spent months searching fruitlessly for an apartment in New York. Right after the story appeared in the newspapers, a white veteran, William Vila, called up UNAVA to say he would like to give up part of his apartment to Jackson. Vila's place was a cold-water flat in an all-white neighborhood. When the Jacksons moved in, a couple of tenants tried to annoy them by tapping on their door, ringing their bell and making veiled threats. The landlord attempted to evict them. But UNAVA members went around and got a petition signed by most of the tenants in the house saying that they welcomed the Negro family as neighbors. Progressive groups in the neighborhood were rallied to the defense of the veteran's family. The fight was

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won — the Jacksons have a home.

The leaders of UNAVA emphasize one big fact: the problems of the Negro veteran cannot be solved in Harlem or on Chicago's South Side, or any place else north of the Mason and Dixon line. Most of the Negro veterans live in the South—85,000 in Mississippi alone. It is there that their rights as citizens are being most flagrantly violated, where they cannot vote, cannot get a decent job, where they suffer daily indignities and live in constant fear of mob violence. It is a shameful fact that since V-J Day several Negro veterans have been lynched. When they are not being actually terrorized, the South's Negro veterans are studiously neglected. Jim Crow denies them the provisions of the GI Bill of Rights just as it nullifies for them the protection of the Constitutional Bill of Rights.

The men at that Christmas Eve party on Saipan who discussed long and passionately the need for a Negro veterans' organization where they could unite for equal rights—those men were mainly from Mississippi and Alabama and Georgia. UNAVA is their baby. It may be the means by which they, who defended their country from the fascist aggressors, can demand their rights as Americans and conduct their fight for those rights on a new, militant level.

GEORGE MARSHALL: ART CRITIC

An Editorial by CHARLES HUMBOLDT

HORSES and dogs know very little about art. If you were to ask them their opinion of Massaccio or Veronese, they might neigh or bark, respectively. But it's unlikely that they would compare them unfavorably with Grant Wood, or call them a couple of foreigners who had no business in an American museum. Horses and dogs may be ignorant, but they are modest.

They differ in this respect from William Randolph Hearst and George Marshall. The Secretary of State, prompted by the Horror of San Simeon, has cancelled a government tour of American paintings through Europe and South America. According to the New York *Herald Tribune*, Mr. Marshall remarked that the $49,000 paid for the paintings was taxpayers' money which "could have been spent for better purposes." In Greece and Turkey, no doubt. Two exhibitions, one in Haiti, the other in Prague, have been halted en route. They are, Hearst charges, un-American, as un-American as Henry Wallace whom various people are also trying to stop en route.

The surface ironies of this affair are easy to spot. When "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Cielito Lindo" are wailed by the President's daughter to the entire country's anguished ears, it is only natural that its leading artists should take a respectful back seat.

For months, at the cost of thousands of American lives, our air force was prevented from attacking the Nazi fortress of Cassino out of deference to antiquity and religion. Yet Mr. Marshall, out of uniform for the moment, does not hesitate a second to eliminate living American art for the sake of $49,000, one-fifth the price of one of those new bombers of which he is so proud.

The American ruling class is a great collector of expensive junk, shaving mugs, moustache cups, old lace, unusable chairs and so on. Take stamps. In the Sunday New York *Times* of April 13 it was announced that British Guiana's octagonal one-cent magenta of 1856, worth $50,000, would soon be on public exhibition, the proud owner wishing to remain anonymous. It is evidently a great crime for the government to buy seventy-nine paintings for somewhat less than a member of the ruling class spends on one postage stamp.

The State Department bares its teeth for the motion picture industry, hoping to frighten France and Czechoslovakia into accepting such masterpieces as *Tarzan, The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi,* and the host of quickie-killers which so aptly illustrate the American Way of Life. But art is no billion-dollar business, and so the Secretary of State can afford to become an insolent critic; he can even afford to make himself ridiculous from Paris to Moscow. After all, it is only art, not guns or movies, that he offends.

BUT there is a point at which irony is transformed into menace. It must be remembered that the exhibition which has just been cancelled with contempt was part of a world-wide program planned by the State Department's Office of International Information and Cultural Affairs. The paintings, displayed at the Metropolitan Museum last year, were then hailed by Assistant Secretary of State William Benton as showing the newest development of American art. At that time only the Hearst press squealed its disapproval.

Now, less than a year later, the verdicts of swine have become the cultural policy of the administration. And those great idealists in the State Department who, like Mr. Benton, were going to prove to the world that the United States is not a "nation of materialists," what do they say? They concede that the overseas exhibit was a "fantastic, silly thing and unrepresentative." All the idealism drained out of them, they cringe before the brass voice of their chief and the angry grunts of the yellow press.

Meanwhile, another milestone has been driven into the ground along the highway of aggression. The administration has decided that it does not need to garnish its foreign policy with pictures. (Whatever our respect for art, this is what the State Department used it for.) They will try to force the Truman Doctrine down the throat of the world without seasoning. In the elegant words of the New York *Journal-American,* into the ashcan with art.

And so still another group of Americans, the artists, join the miners, the railroad men, the telephone workers, to learn once more that the capitalists have nothing but scorn for their talents. To learn that the fight for recognition, for life itself, which they waged in the bitter Thirties is still going on. The Big Money shows its snout again. It roots anxiously in the garden of America, like a half-blind beast, greedy as ever but not quite sure of itself. How many enemies it has made throughout the world! And now the artists are sure to unite against it on this issue, drawing with them all who love whatever is creative in man.

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NEST OF VIPERS

Isidor Schneider dissects and mounts some noxious specimens of the genus renegade.

By CHARLES HUMBOLDT

THE JUDAS TIME, *by Isidor Schneider. Dial. $3.*

"How can a man conceal his character? How can a man conceal his character?" asked Confucius some five hundred years before Christ. This has always been a delicate matter for scoundrels. Isidor Schneider's book reopens the question for a number of contemporary wretches who thought they might escape it. And it provides no hiding place even for their own rationalizations.

The Judas Time is a novel about the professional anti-Communists, those who have made a fat living as official renegades — the "disillusioned" to whom the "truth" was suddenly revealed, and from whose eyes the "scales fell"; the unsure men without principles who admired the muscles of the working class but were not prepared to follow it in a fight; and the venal clowns for whom revolution and pornography were equally acceptable ways of freeing the human spirit from its fetters. Each of these types made his peace with the big money. Each turned with the fury of guilt on men and women who had trusted him.

In contrast to these individuals were people whom the bourgeois press likes to call "the faithful," that is, Communists and their friends who were not persuaded to renounce their loyalty through fear of consequences or by promises of advancement.

The figure of the renegade is a challenging one for a novelist. The phenomenon is one which does not yield to psychological description alone, nor can it be explained purely in historical or ideological terms. What is needed is a fusion of the personal traits and the trend of ideas with the milieu and the moment of history through which the renegade moves. The writer must be a dramatist of both ideas and action.

Schneider's novel illustrates the truth of this. The period of the middle Thirties—and of *The Judas Time*—was one of rapid growth for the American Communist Party. It had won thousands of new members from the working class and among the intellectuals by its major role in the struggles of the unemployed for survival, by its unswerving anti-fascist record, its life-giving support of the Spanish Republic, and its defense of our cultural life. It had also earned the respect of hundreds of thousands who were not ready to take on the responsibilities of membership. The intellectuals who joined the Party, or were drawn to it, were in various stages of political development. As in any process of reorientation, they found it hard to exchange their old individualistic thinking and behavior for organized activity as well as new values and concepts of social usefulness, to which their personal desires had to be subordinated. Those who were both strong and honest came through the tests of learning, courage, discipline and self-criticism which their political tasks imposed upon them. Others frankly acknowledged their inability to shake off character traits which weakened their resolution and capacities; these left the Party or hesitated to join it, yet remained friendly.

But there was a third, mixed group who came bearing gifts. There were the proud, censorious ones who entered not to learn but to teach, not to change themselves but to correct others. Like harsh schoolmasters, they were going to beat the Party into shape; and like rich relatives, they would receive the thanks of the less endowed members. Then there were the anxious ones who sought security in the ranks of the working class, and who would remain firm only so long as personal responsibility was not thrust upon them; these soon became the dupes of the proud censors who expressed their disciples' fears in the inverted form of bold carping. Lastly, there were the out-and-out opportunists who thought the final crisis of capitalism was in full swing, and regarded the Party as the gravy train of socialism.

In *The Judas Time* the third group has announced its departure. The fantasies of perfection, security, power have not been fulfilled, and the "awakened" dreamers are disappointed and bitter. From this point on, the boundaries between political defection and personal degeneration break down. The process of dissolution is extremely fluid. Pride turns into injured vanity; fault-finding quickly becomes righteous malice. Ideas have lost all validity as signs of thought, and are nothing but obvious cries of hate. At last the renegade believes his own lies, and feels the rage he has worked up.

The *place d'armes* of the novel is on the fringe of Greenwich Village in New York, and its "hero" is Calvin Cain. This name, like others in the book, is a character-metaphor which symbolizes his perfectionist, basically destructive nature. Cain, a biology instructor in a local university, has been

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befriended by two fellow Party members, the painter Murray Grossman and his wife, Rose. He despises them for their unconstrained kindness, because they do not flatter him by limiting their affection to him. Cain has always to find a rationale for his contempt of others; the Grossman's kindness becomes petty-bourgeois sentimentality and he must scourge them for it.

When a strike situation develops in a nearby shop, it is Cain who insists that the Party members in the union make demands far in excess of those which could be won at the moment. Defeated in his attempt to stampede the strike committee into a fatal tactic, he hies himself to the picket line to display his militancy. But he will never forgive the comrades for this humiliation. He is primed for the break.

His chance comes somewhat later when at a discussion on ethics attended by Party sympathizers he launches a tirade against the chief speaker whose views he considers dangerously un-Marxist. Wishing to assume that he is alone in his disagreement with the speaker, he creates a scene and manufactures, with deliberate imagination, his expulsion from the Party. In Schneider's words, he "expels himself."

There now begins a realignment of forces, Cain dragging with him such dependents as his wife and his friend, the sad clown Lou Ferguson, who joins him not out of conviction but in personal faithfulness. Cain gravitates, in turn, toward a number of shady individuals whom his intellect has already rejected as so much trash, but with whom he is willing to make venomous alliance. Schneider handles the "loving" interrelations of this cabal with great zest.

Cain is no one to do things half way. Before the book is ended he has visited Trotsky in Mexico, completed a liaison mission to contact Trotskyites in the Soviet Union in behalf of the Old Man, and become a faculty rat and stoolpigeon who engineers the dismissal of his benefactor Murray Grossman from the WPA art project. And, finally, he drives his friend Ferguson to kill himself, when the latter realizes that he has been nothing but the instrument of Cain's revenge in this informer's work. Meanwhile, Cain's latent anti-Semitism has come into full bloom, directed against his wife, among others, and he is a loud proponent of the theory that Nazi Germany must become the means of saving the world from "Stalinist" tyranny.

Within certain limits, Schneider has written a comic novel in the classical sense: that is, his characters are subjected constantly to the play of his judgment and criticism. The comic range is extremely wide, running from the comedy of ideas (the ethics discussion, the disputes over painting) to broad farce ("Red Calvary" and "The Book of the Week Forum"), with occasional sallies into contemporary macabre ("The Newspapers Find a Plot"). The *dramatis personae* of these scenes are brilliantly handled; for example, P. Krimmer, lefter than Trotsky, bedroom revolutionist, reconciler of Marx and Bakunin and translator of erotica, is a near-great comic figure.

THERE are, however, limitations to an approach in which the intellectual awareness of the author hangs so directly over his characters. For one thing, they never become quite free of him, agents of their own actions. The writer tends to overswift characterization; the process of growth or disintegration is well underway before the beginning of the main action. Also in the broad characterization of *The Judas Time* there can be few ironic overtones. There is too little disparity between what a character thinks of himself and what he is. What is gained in bluntness is lost in depth, in complexity. It is not, as some critics claim, that the characters lack credibility, but that their basic contradictions are not shown in process of development. The flower is there, the full-blown nature and the exploding incident; but the root and branch are sometimes missing. Thus many of the events have an anecdotal rather than dramatic quality.

A more fundamental criticism must be made of the treatment of the positive figures, the Communist Party members, and of incidents relating to their political activity. Nowhere in *The Judas Time* is there an adequate picture of the intellectual face of the Communist Party, of the ideas which move its members and which enabled it, during the period of which the book treats, to exercise such a vital influence on the social and political life of America. There were many opportunities for such a presentation in dramatic terms. In the ethics-discussion scene, the un-Marxist views of the speaker are flayed by Cain. But no

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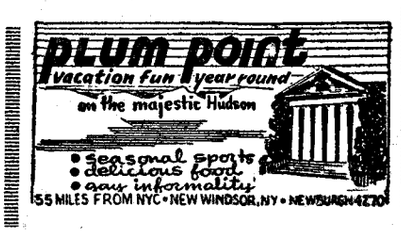
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Party member rises to mediate the dispute, either to answer the speaker constructively or to expose the corrosive character of Cain's criticism. Yet here was a perfect chance for the crystallization of the character of a Communist through the dramatic expression of his thought.

Similarly, the poet Alan Bard is described as a forthright, hard-thinking man who goes to Spain because he believes "the responsibility is his who feels it." Yet Bard's most ample opportunity for self-realization is given him in a rather banal love scene which reveals nothing new about him but merely projects an unconvincing and unaccounted-for contradiction in his character. And the longest presentation we have of the working of his mind is when he edits the autobiographical notes of a rich radical who thereupon makes a graceful exit from the movement! Such and similar portrayals of ineptitude in individual Communists and Party activity serve only to reinforce prejudices created and spread by its enemies.

The absence of any dramatically and intellectually strong figure of a Communist inevitably minimizes the role of the Party in a crucial period of American social and political development, and may tend to give the impression that the time and milieu of the book were dominated by Bohemians and renegades. It is obvious that Isidor Schneider has no such intention, but the very power of his contempt for scoundrels has played him a trick. It has produced the more convincing and complete characters.

Further, the reader is apt to come away from the book with an extremely limited view of the composition, activities and stature of the Party. Since the only persons who can be said to represent the Party have relatively minor roles, its basic working-class character is missing. It was not necessary to introduce workers, but it was imperative that some major characters carry the consciousness of the working class, and of its party, into the area of conflict. The absence of such characters is the main fault of *The Judas Time*. It is only fair to remark, though, that the creation of positive figures is a major problem for the progressive writer; it is one which not Schneider alone has failed to solve.

Of smaller consequence, but unfortunate and annoying, are certain careless phrases and badly thought-out observations which a little editing might have corrected. For example, the section organizer, Jack Burrell, advises Cain to write papers for scientific journals for "the very purpose of raising his professional standing." Ferguson is introduced as a clownish character from the very beginning, yet he is spoken of as a man whose "persistence might have turned him into a revolutionary leader had a revolutionary situation turned up." One of the chief positive characters in the book, the poet Alan Bard, is described as "quite the most illustrious catch of the literary Left." There are a number of such instances of individual opportunism and tastelessness which must be regretted particularly in a novel of ideas where the specific always tends to become the typical.

If I have made severe demands on *The Judas Time* it is because the novel is on a level on which they can and must be made. It has one of the most perceptive prologues in literature, an imaginative projection of the character of the biblical Judas; it is exciting and amusing, fierce and honest, pointed and important in what it says. It is more than a series of individual portraits of villains, for it exposes the apparatus which implements and employs them—the university set-up, the book publishing and newspaper industries. One cannot underestimate its serious failure to present the picture of the Party which would answer the slanders against it. But it can perform a timely service now when the book and magazine pages, the newspaper columns and air-waves are loud, as a swamp is loud, with the croaking of bought-up, sold-out, made-to-order and tailored-to-fit Red-baiters, Soviet Union haters, union-busters and stoolpigeons who have managed to pose as pure and disinterested prophets of the American Century. For it exposes them where they least expected it, in the very core of what passes for their hearts.

Testimony

I MARRIED A RUSSIAN: Letters from Kharkov, *edited by Lucie Street. Emerson Books.* $3.

AT THIS time of artificially increased tension between the United States and Russia, this book of letters in its quiet way does an inestimable service. It gives a new type of testimony to the real values of a people who, after the brotherhood of war, we are being

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coerced into suspecting. The truth is never wholly a matter of fact. It is our intuitive faith in a whole context of substantial points of reference. The truth about Russia has been presented from many sides, in many ways; this book gives evidence in a new way. It is the collected letters of a middle-class English girl who married a leading Russian scientist, Kira Melnikov, and went with him to Kharkov, where he was helping found a new technological institute in the field of physics. Kira, with A. I. Lipunsky, was later the first Russian to split the lithium atom.

"Eddie"— this is the only name given for the writer of these letters— was the daughter of a well-to-do manufacturer in the English North Country; her people's barges moved up and down the Mersey. Eddie married for love. She went to Russia under threat of exceptional hardships. The hardships came, unavoidably; they were part of the pioneering of an idea. Eddie took them and grew to love the country that had taxed her to the utmost. Her letters are perfectly frank, and during many years were "non-political." She had no blinders on and she saw errors not only in the capitalist press, but in the left-wing press in England. With Kira she regretted what was bad, or what was falsely represented about Russia. Her letters describe freely the difficulties and contradictions within Russia. But Eddie's life was solidly based on what her husband wrote in 1930 to Eddie's sister in England (in his imperfect English):

"Certainly it is very difficult for you to understand what is happening in our country, especially when you read all your newspapers with completely different aspects on Russia. I have no hope that you will appreciate my, or our Russian, point of view, but perhaps it will interest you. Firstly about the economical situation. Sometimes you can read in your newspapers that we are starving. Certainly we are not, but certainly also that life is hard. . . . It is necessary to distinguish between two points of view; first of the common inhabitant, we have such a word '*obivatel*,' which means citizen who cares only about his private life, about his salary, food, etc.—you can call him, if you like, egoistic materialist; and the second point of view of someone who has some ideas about the world, about happiness of all people, and who cannot be happy seeing the tremendous disproportion of wealth. . . . If you ask second class of people, they will say to you that we are going, and going very fast to better day, to better days not only for us Russian people but for all population of the earth. . . .

"If your English 'best sons' gave their very life for the unsound ideas of pride of nation, why cannot we be heroes for the happiness of nations? 'History will show.'"

As time went on, Eddie was to write to that same sister: "I still feel and always shall feel as I felt in England (during a visit there) when I longed so to get back home to Kira, I couldn't live anywhere but Russia again, the life, the freedom of thought, and the chance to achieve great things open to everyone. I'd never bring my children up in England. . . . No, this is the country, every fibre of me loves it." But along with this, she planted English flowers in Kharkov and wrote: "They border the tennis courts, so next year, when I play tennis again, it will be like playing in England, the flowers are so near."

This book of letters is sensitively and beautifully edited by Lucie Street, who supplies the introduction and con-

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necting narrative. Its very lack of bias, its breathing honesty and humor, its restraint and concreteness, should recommend it as a moving testimony in its main statement, that a country so much maligned could gain the loyalty of a woman from another country and another class. It is much needed now.

MILLEN BRAND.

Guide

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE NEGRO: PREPARATORY VOLUME, *edited by W. E. B. Du Bois and Guy B. Johnson. Phelps-Stokes Fund.* $3.25.

SOME forty years ago Dr. Du Bois first proposed the publication of an encyclopedia of the Negro. In 1931, with the assistance of the Phelps-Stokes Fund, organizational steps were begun for its realization. The first edition of a preparatory volume outlining the subject matter of this encyclopedia appeared in 1944, and the present work represents its revision and enlargement. Beginning with Robert S. Abbott, the founder of the Chicago *Defender*, and concluding with the Zulu people of Africa, one will find bibliographical guides to hundreds of subjects germane to the Negro as culled from published and unpublished material produced up to 1942. In addition, the book's value is enhanced by an excellent twenty-page survey of library resources for Negro studies from the pen of Dr. L. D. Reddick.

Within the confines of this brief notice, we make the following suggestions: precede authors' last names with initials, at least; when citing entries in the Negro Year Book, give the date, and when citing unpublished theses give the dates; the phenomenon of outlying belligerent slaves—maroons—was not confined to the West Indies, and existed in the United States, as a paper by this reviewer demonstrated eight years ago; there should be an entry on the Negro in the American Navy. Some descriptive phrase should be offered for *every* personality mentioned; a code should be used to indicate the location of newspapers and magazines cited; the *Anglo-African* was not discontinued in 1860; Henry Highland Garnet's name is misspelled repeatedly; and such individuals as Isaac Myers, George Boxley, Parker Pillsbury, Delia Webster, Calvin Fairbank, George Edwin Taylor, Alexander L. Ross and James Redpath should receive mention.

HERBERT APTHEKER.

The Real France?

FRENCH PERSONALITIES AND PROBLEMS, *by D. W. Brogan. Knopf.* $3.

DENIS BROGAN, a learned Scotsman, has long been known as a close student of France. Several years ago he wrote a history of the French Third Republic that showed a profound knowledge of the subject. In this volume he has gathered together twenty-seven essays published over the past decade, all of them on French themes. Literary pieces on Alexander Dumas, Proust and Toqueville rub shoulders with warm and generous tributes to the French Resistance movement. At times, however, Brogan seems bent on displaying too much erudition, sacrificing content for a brilliant phrase or an obscure literary allusion. His urbanity overreaches itself and defeats its own purpose: making known "the real France" to the world.

Mor serious than these stylistic shortcomings is his general approach. He is determined to be "fair" to such pro-fascists as Charles Maurras and Leon Daudet; he strains at the leash to find literary, if not political virtues in notorious French reactionaries. On the other hand, his treatment of French Communists is in the slanderous *Communazi* tradition of a good many Social-Democrats in the Western world. He condemns "Thorez and his brethren" and repeats the lie that French Communists take orders from Moscow, thus falsifying the history of the Resistance movement, in which the Communists inside France assumed from the start the leading role. Nor is it becoming in a man who otherwise shows his deep affection for French culture and revolutionary traditions to ignore or distort the position of the French Communist Party, which is *the* party of the French working class today and the sheet-anchor of the democratic Fourth Republic. But like so many other gifted intellectuals, Brogan seems more concerned with his highly colored virtuosity than with historical truth.

JOHN ROSSI.

Books Received

THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON. *Anonymous. Scribner's.* $2.75. Take a considerable help-

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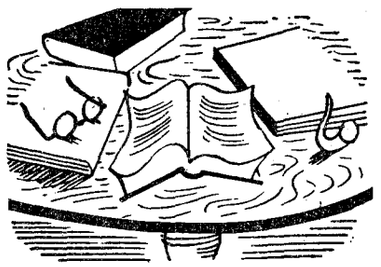
ing of antiquated prejudices of the Polish gentry; add whatever information on Siberia is to be found in a drugstore encyclopedia; stir in any amount of individual tragedies of people caught in the European holocaust of 1939-1944; flavor it liberally with the most vicious anti-Russian legends ever fabricated by General Anders' staff or by certain Foreign Offices—and the resulting product is *The Dark Side of the Moon,* supposed to be "the incredible story of what really happened in Poland." The story is incredible indeed. Believe it or not, only once, in one line, is there mention of a German invasion of Poland. The rest, 299 pages of it, deals with Russian "occupation." The anonymous author (or, rather, one of the authors, for the book is a concoction of ingredients as heterogeneous as the interests behind them) is introduced to us by General Sikorski's widow as "a woman of scrupulous integrity." However, Madame Sikorski adds that the manuscript never came into the general's hands. It remains, therefore, a mystery why his name should be connected with this book, which is a denial of almost everything he stood for in the last years of his life.

LEONARDO DA VINCI: A STUDY IN PSYCHOSEXUALITY, *by Sigmund Freud. Random House.* $2.50. A reprint of a classical work of Freud's, out of print for fifteen years. It is an analysis of the psychological makeup of the great Renaissance figure, relating it to the psychic experience of his childhood.

RUSSIA IN PERSPECTIVE, *by George Soloveytchik. Norton.* $3. Born in Russia but now a British subject, Mr. Soloveytchik knows and admires the Churchillian mind. His book adds nothing to an understanding of international issues. Its "scholarship" is one of collecting newspaper clips and old magazine articles, and rewriting the texts of other books. They are then ground together with the author adding his special prejudices in the final processing. His conclusion is that the Russian people have made sacrifices for things which they might have got under an absolutist czar or a liberal monarchy.

THE UNITED STATES AND THE NEAR EAST, *by E. A. Speiser. Harvard University Press.* $2.50. This is one of the better books in the growing American literature on the Near East. Yet its interpretative qualities are far from satisfactory. Prof. Speiser pulls hard for an independent American policy free from what he calls vassalage to the British. But no matter how he adorns it, his pleading represents a rationale for taking over British positions and introducing American domination over the area. Thus to resolve old conflicts he would introduce new and more disastrous ones.

OUR VICHY GAMBLE, *by William L. Langer. Knopf.* $3.75. Prof. Langer has written a long and exasperating apologia for the State Department's dealings with Petain, Darlan, Laval, Weygand. Some new facts emerge



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Jewish Life

Vol. 1, No. 7 • May, 1947

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out of the documents made available to the author but they hardly confirm his judgments. In fact they contradict his opinion that American negotiations with the scum of French political life were an unqualified success. What is clear is that the American characters in this tragic and dirty drama were not eager to see the French Resistance forces victorious for fear that they would become the dominant voices in a regenerated France.

THE UNITED NATIONS ORGANIZATION HANDBOOK, *by Andrew Boyd. Pilot Press.* $2.50. This is a useful reference work on the structure and organization intricacies of UN. The reader need not pay too much attention to the author's opening chapter on the League of Nations. It says nothing fresh and fails to take full advantage of the opportunity for analyzing the causes behind the League's bankruptcy.

THE LINCOLN READER, *edited by Paul M. Angle. Rutgers University Press.* $3.75. This collection of 179 pieces by sixty-five different authors is the handiest biography of Lincoln available. The portions by Sandburg and Lincoln himself are outstandingly good, those by James G. Randall and Margaret Leech outstandingly poor. It is significant that dramatic and available data on Lincoln from the viewpoints of the Negro and the worker are absent.

THE COUNTERFEITERS, *by André Gide. Knopf.* $3. A reprint of one of the most influential novels of the twentieth century, in the excellent translation of Dorothy Bussy.

THE TROJAN WOMEN

BETWEEN the shores where the Greek ships are being prepared for the voyage home, and the dying city of Troy whose remaining towers are toppling, one by one, in the flames, wait the Trojan women to learn whose slaves they will be as the victors cast lots for them.

Grouped around Hecuba, their queen, they bewail their misfortunes in resigned and almost ritualized grief, interrupted by the herald naming their masters to the women; by the bewildered gods Athena and Poseidon, aghast at the outcome of their petty displays of power; by the meeting of Menelaus and Helen, the outcast among the women; and finally by the Greek chiefs' decision to kill Hector's infant son, with whose burial the play ends.

There is no plot and little action in the ordinary theater sense. Since the story, as story, was known to its audience down to details the task of the dramatist was to deepen the significance of the story, to intensify the meanings through his eloquence.

This Euripides does for all his audiences, but must have done with particular power, as we shall see, for his contemporaries. He brings an almost unbearable anguish upon the stage; and through it he makes clear the madness of war that inevitably coils the victor, along with the vanquished, in its enveloping tragedies.

In a sense Euripides was speaking prophetically. The drama was written in 415 B.C. when the Peloponnesian War was in its sixteenth year. Athens was slowly being exhausted. Not many years later it was to sink in defeat; its walls were to be razed, and it was never to recover wholly its "glory that was Greece."

A sense of the impending misfortune steeps the magnificent lines. An internationalism of shared tragedy, of wisdom learned from recurrent disaster, speaks in the pity of this Greek dramatist for the victims of a Greek triumph. Other social and psychological insights give more of that sad *modernity* by which we mean anticipations of the wisdom acquired by man in two thousand further years of instructive tragedy. Unquestionably *The Trojan Women* is the greatest anti-war tract in dramatic literature.

The Equity Library Theater is to be commended for staging it at this time when the insanity that can touch off a war is so rampant. But the performance at the Hudson St. Library was unsatisfactory. With the exception of Sala Staw as Andromache the actors seemed to be too awed by the consciousness that they were in a classic to make it come to life as a play. They struck attitudes, they declaimed; they gave little help to the author whose lines virtually had to carry themselves.

And when will the directors of a Greek play arrive at this piece of common sense—that dancing need not be a prerequisite for Greek drama any more than for any drama? In this production moods successfully evoked by the eloquent lines were kneed and elbowed out by the solemnly intruding dancers in the notion that, in a Greek play, dances are apropos anywhere and any time. ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

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PEOPLE'S SONGS

IF YOU don't know "People's Songs," either as an organization, a publication or a creator of "hootenannys" and folk music concerts, the first anniversary issue, priced at thirty-five cents, is as good an introduction as any. Here are some dozen and a half songs, with words and music, stories of their backgrounds, and an account of a year of "People's Songs" activities.

These are good songs. Whether they are better than the best of Tin-Pan Alley, or can replace Tin-Pan Alley, is not the important question. What they provide right now is an antidote to a sickness that is pervading all popular music today. Tin-Pan Alley has sunk to its lowest depths. Not even the occasional inspirations of fresh melody that it offered ten years ago can be found now. Instead, hack musicians are desperately stealing from every source, from Tschaikowsky and Grieg, mountain tunes and blues, rearranging and copying their own output of the Twenties and Thirties. The very censorship of words and standardization of tune which the song-publishing industry has forced upon the art has ended by drying up the source out of which even its own fresh material came.

People's Songs aims at giving popular music back to the people. It does this by bringing to light folk songs of quality, and the fine, meaningful poetry that accompanied them; by encouraging new stanzas of contemporary significance, and new variations on the tunes.

It aims at making popular music mean something to people, and most important, at restoring their creative participation in the making of music. It is financially a poor organization, as most such organizations must be, but it is infinitely rich in the realities upon which it builds, in the creative powers of the people it draws upon, in the talent it has already found. It should be supported by all who are interested in combatting the slow death that has spread throughout popular music, and has touched as well the production of music on the most learned and ambitious level. For every composer needs an audience, and the best way to create an audience for any music is to restore among people the love of music which can come from their own participation.

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